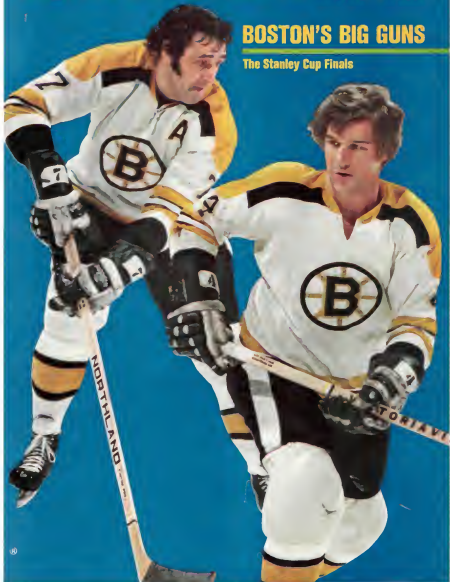


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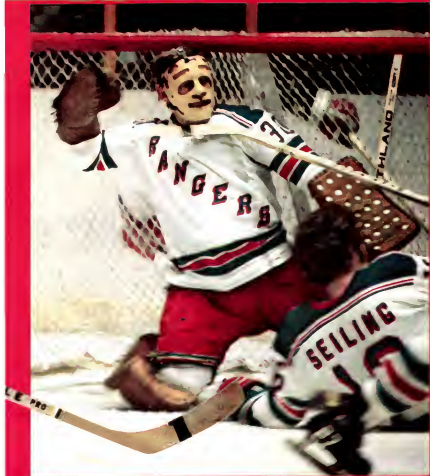
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THE PIVOTAL POINT is the play of the rival pivotmen in the Knicks-Lakers set-to for the NBA title—big Jerry Lucas vs. bigger Wilt Chamberlain. A report by Peter Carey.

FROM THE FAR SIDE of paradise comes a look at Hawaii's new Princeville, the country's westernmost golf course—the most enthralling one Dan Jenkins says he has ever seen.

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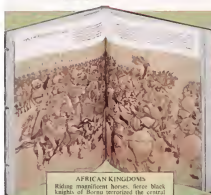
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1926 Ford Model T Coupe



1972 Ford Pinto Runabout with Sprint Decor Option

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Why we smoke Vantage.



Joan started smoking Vantage about a year ago. I began when you came out with your menthol.

Oh, Lou and I were concerned about smoking a long while before that. You can't read in the papers day in and day out what they're saying about smoking and not be concerned.

I guess we like smoking too much to want to stop. Funny thing about our old brands, though. We felt guilty smoking them.

Well, Lou, the people who are against smoking accomplished that much.

Yeah, we even tried some of those new low 'tar' cigarette brands. They tasted like nothing, so much blah.

And I have 4 children and run around the house the whole day cleaning up after them.

When I sit down for a break, I want a cigarette I can get some taste out of.

Vantage is everything you people say it is. Same flavor I got out of my old brand and I know you can't lie about those low 'tar' and nicotine numbers.

You're right,

Lou, they really are fantastic.

I'm a one man band for them, got half a dozen of the guys who work with me to go over to them. We'd recommend Vantage to anybody who smokes.

Lou and Joan
Louis Arata, Joan Arata, Northport, New York



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Uniroyal has made 20,000,000 steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly. In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is Michelin. Nobody else comes close.

A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung, tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe. These 3 received the highest ratings:

Tests (1971)	UNIROYAL 960 (Steel)	MICHELIN 18 (Steel)	PIRELLI EP 67 (Fabric)
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (90)	57 81	49 70
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal drive)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast drive)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 74	57 81	62 89
END RESULT	164	162	159
RANKING	1ST	2ND	3RD

The other radial tires tested, their result and overall ranking, are as follows:

4th, Conti T5 771, steel (158)	9th, Phoenix P 110 T1, fabric (132)
5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147)	10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131)
6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137)	10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131)
9th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137)	12th, Metzeler Monza fabric (130)
8th, Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136)	13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128)

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We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M.

This tire is being produced in the United States



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Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report, along with three test reports on radial tires that appeared in "Auto Motor und Sport" Magazine of Germany during '69, '70 and '71? Send 25c to Dept. GP3, Uniroyal,

Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

NEW DAY DAWNING

Peace broke out in tennis last week. The ILTF, the international ruling body, and WCT, Lamar Hunt's troupe of professionals, worked out a deal that will let contract pros play in ILTF events and will limit Hunt's pro tour to the first four months of the year. The agreement still has to be ratified by the ILTF at its annual meeting in July, but it is certain that when Forest Hills begins on Aug. 30 all the top names in tennis will be there.

Wimbledon, which takes place before the ILTF meeting, will have to wait until next year for a full complement of stars but, even so, a few of Hunt's pros will be on hand this time. Defending champion John Newcombe, whose contract with WCT expires in May, expects to play, and so do Roy Emerson, Nikki Pilic, Cliff Drysdale, Fred Stolle and possibly Ken Rosewall.

All we can say is hurrah—and it's about time.

AFTERSHOCK

Echoes of the baseball strike continue to reverberate. As Dick Moss, one of the attorneys for the players' association, said at a University of Wisconsin sports symposium, "Things will never be the same again in baseball." Nor, apparently, in any other sport.

In Washington, Ed Garvey, head of the pro football players' group, said, "It was like watching a trial run. This could be us two years from now. We were within 12 hours of canceling the first pre-season game in 1970. It wasn't something either side wanted, and good sense on both sides finally prevented it. What I want to do is begin talks now so that we don't have to go to a deadline again. But I'm not optimistic."

"The baseball owners were after one thing—Marvin Miller—and the negotiations got down to personal insults, which is something football has avoided. We've criticized the power the commis-

sioner has, the office, the position as it now exists, but we have not attacked Pete Rozelle personally. The owners, however, try to make it appear that we are after him. That's not true, but the owners like to make the public think the players are the villains."

"If the baseball owners broke the players and won out, it would certainly have hurt us. Then the NFL owners could say, 'Baseball called their bluff. We can do the same.' They should know now that we mean it when we say we are willing to strike. Baseball didn't believe the players were serious, either."

TREK NORTH

More food for thought for NFL owners concerns its current crop of college draftees, whose hopes of big salaries and bonuses were earlier dashed by repeated comments from professional experts that this was the weakest batch of collegians to come along in years. Last year 11 players turned away from the NFL and went instead to Canadian football. This year the number is almost that big already, with Alabama's Johnny Musso and Stanford's Don Bunce the most prominent defectors. Money makes the mare go, claims the old saying. Luck of money makes the players go.

ON CUE

It has been an accepted tenet among those who have watched him play and listened to him talk that Rudolph Wanderone, the New York Fats of pool, on whom the film character Minnesota Fats was based, can beat any other pool player in the world in a showdown match for big money. The venerable Willie Mosconi disagrees, and adds that he'll put \$100,000 where his mouth is.

Mosconi says he has hired the ballroom of the Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia for four nights beginning May 22, and he has issued a proclamation to Fats to show up or shut up. He will play one-pocket pool, which Fats pre-

fers, but he also wants straight pool, nine ball, rotation, three-cushion billiards and several other games.

"Just let me get him to the table," Mosconi says. "I'll play him every game in the book. I'll play him for any amount. That fat character claims he can beat anybody when the cash is on the line. Well, he can't beat me. I'm going to put him on the spot. I'm going to show the public once and for all that he is a third-rate player who can't shoot pool."

"I also predict he won't show up. He is finished as a pool showboat, and he knows it. The table will be there, I'll be there and the cash will be there. If he doesn't show, that will let the public know just how good he is."

ON SAY CAN YOU SEE

For years, maybe centuries, trainers with edgy racehorses used things like blinkers and shadow rolls to limit what the an-



imal could see and thus reduce the incidence of behavioral eccentricity. The assumption has always been that a jumpy racer had an unstable personality. Now Billy Haughton, the eminent harness-horse trainer, is trying a new approach based on the idea that had eyes, rather than bad nerves, cause some horses to spook.

"I had often thought about putting glasses on a horse," says Haughton,

continued

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"but, well, you know, you just don't go around talking about things like that." He wondered in particular about a charge of his named Lord Hanover, who did strange things. "One day he jumped over something I later found was a tire track. The slight movement of a whip startled him. Birds drove him nuts. He looked around at everything. It was like he was watching a tennis game. I happened to mention to one of Lord Hanover's owners that I thought the horse's eyes might be a little funny, and he said he had some friends with Balester Optical in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. that I could talk to. At least they wouldn't laugh if I gave them a call."

Haughton described in detail how the horse was behaving, and the Balester people took an educated guess on what sort of prescription was needed. The final result was a pair of equine spectacles that look a bit like blinkers with small bay windows. Lord Hanover, still a youngster, might have preferred something a bit more mod, say granny glasses with octagonal frames, but never mind. They seem to work.

"We may have to make some adjustments later on," says Haughton, "but I'll tell you this. Birds don't bother him anymore, and he pays attention to the racetrack in front of him. If they really work, you can bet I'll try them on other horses."

And then bettors may have to learn a new symbol in the form charts, say "gl," for glasses on or glaves off.

THEY'RE OFF

During a track meet between Eastern Washington State and Central Washington State, the gun refused to go off for the start of the 880-yard run. The starter pulled the trigger four times but nothing happened. Finally Eastern's Bob Maplesstone, who comes from Great Britain, blurted, "For God's sake, just say bloody 'Go.'"

SPAHN AND COOPERSTOWN

Baseball fans, nodding their approval when such players as Early Wynn and Sandy Koufax and Yogi Berra were duly elected to the Hall of Fame, have wondered why the superb Warren Spahn has not yet made it to Cooperstown. Spahn, whose 363 victories are the most ever for a left-hander, won 20 games or more in a season 13 times, more often even than Walter Johnson. He last pitched

in the major leagues in 1965, which means that he has been retired more than the five seasons a player must be before he becomes eligible for election. Where, then, is Warren's plaque?

Ah. The rule says a player must not only be out of the majors for five years, he must be out of all baseball. In 1966 Spahn served as pitching coach for the Mexico City Tigers and one day agreed to pitch to help draw a crowd. That brief outing was duly entered in his official playing record. In 1967, when he was managing Tulsa, he did the same thing. Again the appearance went into his record, and again the earliest date he would be eligible for election was set back, this time to 1973.

"I didn't know such things would affect my eligibility," Spahn says now, "but I'd do it again. I've gotten so much out of baseball. It's been my whole life. If I can put something back, I'm going to do it. I owe baseball everything."

Nonetheless, a slight resentment lingers. "On something like what I did," he says, "I think intent should be taken into consideration. I wasn't pitching to make a living or a comeback. I was just trying to do my employers a favor, do something good for the game."

"But I'm not going to lose any sleep over it. It'll be a great honor if I'm voted in, but it's something a player should never expect will happen."

THE FIT AND THE UNFIT

Dr. Lawrence A. Golding of Kent State has confirmed what a lot of sports fans have long suspected: the average baseball player is only slightly above the average spectator when it comes to physical fitness. Golding has spent 14 years testing athletes from Olympic performers to the Cleveland Indians. He raises various sports as follows insofar as physical fitness is concerned: track, swimming, cross-country, skiing, soccer, ice hockey, basketball, football, tennis, baseball, golf and bowling.

Apparently there is a considerable drop once you get past tennis. For instance, says Dr. Golding, "Football players understand they have to be fit to play their game, but baseball players are simply not aware of the importance of it." He is amazed that ballplayers do not warm up more before a game. "Every batter swings a weighted bat in the on-deck circle, but how many do a knee bend or a toe touch to stretch their leg

continued

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SCORECARD

muscles? Yet they run to first base like sprinters. What dash man doesn't loosen up first?"

He does grant that baseball players rate exceptionally high in tests of physical reaction, so important in hitting and fielding. They can move over a 10-foot range in 1.02 seconds, while 1.76 is what Mr. Average does and 1.26 is considered superior.

BOB AND BEER

Since golf is rated below baseball, it is interesting to note Bob Murphy's riposte to the repeated criticism that golfers are not really athletes. "Of course, golfers are athletes," said the 5' 9", 212-pound Murphy. "They need strength, stamina and steady nerves under tremendous individual pressure. There are no teammates to rely on, you know." To hints that he himself is an indication that a man does not have to be in splendid shape to be a top golfer, the portly Murphy replied, "Just because a guy is fat doesn't make him automatically lazy or slovenly. I know a lot of good fat athletes. If anybody doesn't think I'm an athlete, let him arrange a decathlon. Anything. You name it: shoot baskets, pitch baseball, shoot pool. I've done all of it. I happen to be fat, but I'll take them on."

Murphy said the most he ever weighed was 228. "I lost 20 pounds by giving up beer," he said, and then added, "Nothing tastes like a cold brew after a round of golf. If only they could get iced tea to taste like that."

THEY SAID IT

- Frank Anderson, retired Texas A&M track coach, after watching Kjell Isaksson make his world-record 18' 1" pole vault at the Texas Relays: "It was considerably better than the 10' 2" I made to win the Tennessee state meet in 1912."
- Joe Paterno, Penn State football coach, on a spring practice scrimmage: "It brought back memories of my boyhood in Brooklyn. It looked like a game between 26th Street and Avenue R."
- Father Daniel Berrigan, recently on trial for conspiracy. "If the FBI went back far enough, I was always suspect. I never liked football."
- Dick Allen, on why he takes as little batting practice as possible with the Chicago White Sox: "Your body is just like a bar of soap. It gradually wears down from repeated use."

END

The beginning of the end of the nonsense we both go through to rent a car.

Every time you rent a car you wait around while we fill out the same old rent a car form.

With the same old questions. No matter how many times you've answered them before.

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You can get information on the Hertz Number One Club at any Hertz counter. We'll either give you an application right there, or have you fill out a card so we can send you one.

Here's how it works. First you join for free and we send you a membership

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→ **DUNLOP**



Dunlop it!

TV TALK

When Canadian football hits the tube, can the Fourth of July be far behind?

Bad news for housewives on television this summer: Tomorrow Syndication, an independent production company, has announced it will be hitting the airwaves starting June 28 with a weekly prime-time professional football series *Live, Ladies*. Just the thing to brighten up those Wednesday nights when the summer cottage is too quiet and you're dying for a night in town.

The football in question will be of the Canadian variety—wider field, fewer downs, restrictions on downfield blocking—and it will be the first U.S. television invasion of the Canadian game since ABC gave up the Grey Cup championships on *Wide World of Sports* in 1965. Tomorrow Syndication hopes its prime-time package, scheduled to run through Nov. 8, will lure summertime viewers turned off by TV's parade of reruns, and that by September, when the tube comes back to life—or live—the hook will be in. It just may be.

Can the Canadian game combat the massive penetration of NFL telecasts in recent years? Canadian Football League Commissioner Jack Gaudane believes it can. "I think we have a superior spectator sport," he says. "We hear the NFL fears the playing field is 'shrinking' as athletes become faster and bigger. We already have the larger field."

Tomorrow Syndication plans 20 consecutive Wednesday-night shows, beginning with an All-Star telecast on opening night. Preceding this on June 21 will be a special explaining the Canadian game. The first 14 telecasts will be live. The final six will be tape replays of games played the previous weekends. Handling play-by-play and commentary will be two illustrious old NFL hands, Jerry Kramer and Allex Karras.

So far the CFL series has not started any stampedes along Madison Avenue, despite bargain prices. One-minute spots are going for \$15,000 each, about one-fifth of what ABC-TV gets for its Monday-night NFL spots. Station sign-ups have moved ahead smartly, however, with about 70% of the nation covered. To make ends meet, unfortunately, Syndication people say they must have 24 spots per game, as compared to 18 for NFL contests. Only 10 of these spots will be for national advertisers; the rest going to local sponsors.

Another concern is what local stations will do—especially the numerous ABC outlets signed up—when the new fall entertainment lineup arrives. Chances are the CFL package will be bumped out of prime time, meaning a lower audience, lower fees and a loss of momentum for the crucial weeks when the CFL game will be competing for the football fan's attention with the NFL weekend and Monday telecasts.

JOHN CARROLL

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Major causes of the 1992 budget deficit are: (1) the 1981-82 tax cuts, (2) the 1986 Social Security reform, (3) the 1990-91 tax cuts, (4) the 1991-92 tax cuts, (5) the 1992-93 tax cuts, (6) the 1993-94 tax cuts, (7) the 1994-95 tax cuts, (8) the 1995-96 tax cuts, (9) the 1996-97 tax cuts, (10) the 1997-98 tax cuts, (11) the 1998-99 tax cuts, (12) the 1999-00 tax cuts, (13) the 2000-01 tax cuts, (14) the 2001-02 tax cuts, (15) the 2002-03 tax cuts, (16) the 2003-04 tax cuts, (17) the 2004-05 tax cuts, (18) the 2005-06 tax cuts, (19) the 2006-07 tax cuts, (20) the 2007-08 tax cuts, (21) the 2008-09 tax cuts, (22) the 2009-10 tax cuts, (23) the 2010-11 tax cuts, (24) the 2011-12 tax cuts, (25) the 2012-13 tax cuts, (26) the 2013-14 tax cuts, (27) the 2014-15 tax cuts, (28) the 2015-16 tax cuts, (29) the 2016-17 tax cuts, (30) the 2017-18 tax cuts, (31) the 2018-19 tax cuts, (32) the 2019-20 tax cuts, (33) the 2020-21 tax cuts, (34) the 2021-22 tax cuts, (35) the 2022-23 tax cuts, (36) the 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VIOLENCE IS THE GOAL

The Stanley Cup was brimming with hate as the Bruins, determined to be tough guys, squared off against the Rangers, who were not above a fast glove to the face. The result: Round 1 to Boston **by MARK MULVOY**



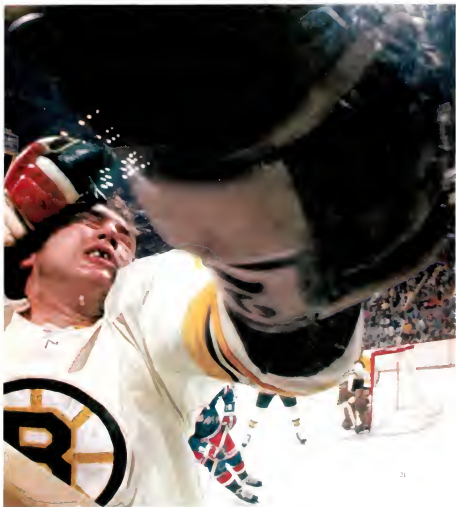
Johnny McKenzie, the go-fac'd agitator of the Boston Bruins, clutched a glass of prune juice as if it were the head of Brad Park, a tough defenseman for the New York Rangers who has described McKenzie in unflattering terms. "I didn't bother to read his book but some of my friends did," McKenzie said. "They took it back—and got a full re-

fund, too." Suddenly the prune juice disappeared with a gulp. "Let's face it, this series is not going to be one of those love-hate things. No way, believe me. There's no love between the Bruins and the Rangers. A lot of hate, maybe, but no love."

And so, at last, here it was in living black and blue—Boston playing New

York for the Stanley Cup. Who could forget the last time they met for the cup? More precisely, who could remember? It was 1929, and both the Rangers and the stock market crashed that year. During the Second World War both teams collapsed, and they spent most of the succeeding years struggling to avoid last place. Now they were indis-

continued





Esposito jousts for position with Tkaczuk

VIOLENCE continued

putably the two best teams in hockey: Boston No. 1, New York No. 2 and trying harder, and oh, what a lovely war the cup finals promised to be. The street guys from Boston against the Goody-Two-Shoes kind from New York. Nickels and dimes against Madison Avenue millions. As one New York advertising type said, "If the Rangers win the cup, we'll discover hockey. If the Bruins win, we'll rediscover baseball or something."

All season long the feisty Bruins had mugged the Rangers and stolen their candy money. "They beat us five straight games by the combined score of 24 to 4," reflected Ranger boss Emile Francis, "and they won all three games played in our building. You don't do that unless you have a strong hockey team." Like New York, though, Boston had some past to forget. "I hope we all learned a good lesson last year when Montreal upset us in the playoffs," said Bobby Orr. "Now we're beginning a new season."

Few championships in any sport could offer such contrasting teams. The Bruins frivolous and cocky, the Rangers quiet and serious. The Bruins practice when the mood strikes in; the Rangers work six days a week and sometimes seven. The Bruins have a loose rapport with their coach, Tom Johnson, and usually

call him Tommy, the Rangers stiffen at the sight or mention of Francis, and out of respect for his unchallenged authority they always call him Mister.

On the ice the Bruins have a marauding, one-punch-knockout style that emphasizes body contact and goal scoring at the expense of everything else. The Rangers, on the other hand, float like butterflies, try to avoid physical conflict and work harder to prevent goals than score them. Basically, the Bruins beat the Rangers all season (after New York's opening win) by repeatedly knocking them down in center ice and never letting them get across the blue line cleanly to set up the crisp, short passing game that devastated the other teams in the NHL. "If we had done that against the Rangers," says Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman, "we would have beaten them."

In addition to the muscular and spiritual differences, there was the superstar gap: Boston had Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito (see cover); New York had no one with comparable skills. All season when the Bruins got in trouble they gave the puck to Orr, the game's most dominant player, or Esposito, who scored nearly a goal a game. While the Rangers had several players with star quality, they still did not have the one man—the Orr, the Esposito—who could turn a game around. The best New York line—Jean Ratelle, Vic Hadfield and Rod Gilbert—could manage only two goals against Boston all year, both by Gilbert, and now the recently injured Ratelle was skating on a fourth line while Bobby Rousseau, no mauler, was between Rod and Vic. Park, the league's No. 2 defenseman after Orr and scorer of 24 goals, had been ineffective against the Bruins because players like McKenzie and Wayne Cashman kept getting him into fights.

As the Bruins prepared for Sunday's opener in the Boston Garden they were looser than one of Ted Williams' ties. The Rangers? Nobody knew what they were. Francis had closed the doors at all his practices, and afterward the players would run out the back and return to their hideaway commune in Long Beach. The team had taken to the mattresses, *Godfather* style. "Francis must be working up a new plan," McKenzie said mockingly. But Defenseman Don Awrey had a deeper thought. "The Rangers probably have one of their young kids dressed as No. 4 and another kid dressed as No. 7," he said.

"The only problem is that there's only one Orr and only one Esposito." Well, two Espositos. Tony, the Chicago goalie, was the goat of last year's finals.

True to tradition, the Bruins' practices were about as secret as a family picnic. Friends, neighbors, relatives—even a few spies, maybe—sat around the Boston Garden and collected autographs, shook hands and snapped pictures while the Bruins leisurely went about their exercises. The dressing room, far from being out of bounds, resembled an airport terminal at rush hour.

Goaltender Gerry Cheevers sat in a corner on one afternoon, looking perplexed. Not about the Rangers, mind you. After all, he had scored four straight wins over them, including a shutout. "Is Riva Ridge for real?" Cheevers wanted to know, glancing up from the *Daily Racing Form*. Esposito slouched against a wall and complained that a photographer had insulted him. "Yeah, the guy said to me, 'Tony, would you mind . . . ?' That's all I had to hear. I told him to buzz off." Wayne Cashman, the meanest Bruin, was psyching himself for a return engagement with Gilbert. "No, I don't talk to Gilbert," Cashman said, "because he's French and I'd need an interpreter."

Orr was busy telling everyone that the Bruins would have to stop Walt Tkaczuk. "We saw a few of their games on television," Orr said, "and he was by far their best player." Derek Sanderson, who had missed the St. Louis semifinal series because of various ailments, including colitis, viruses and fatigue, figured Tkaczuk was a certainty for the best player award. And Boston a cinch for the cup. Said Derek. "Don't worry about a thing."

But the relaxed atmosphere gradually faded as the first game drew closer, and by the time the Bruins checked into their suburban Boston hotel on Saturday night they were more serious than most people had ever seen them. "It will all come down to one thing," said Awrey. "We've got to be physical with the Rangers. If we let them stand around in front of the net, the way Montreal and Chicago did, then we're in trouble. But if we play our game and crash a few bodies early, we should be all right."

For approximately half the game in the steamy Garden the Bruins bounced the Rangers all over the ice—and the scoreboard. Nor were the Rangers entirely meek. They had a wild one of

their own in Gary Doak, a former Bruin, who drew a penalty and then shoved and sassed an official and was sent to the showers. The teams traded early goals, but then with four minutes remaining in the first period Ken Hodge and Esposito barreled past two Ranger defensemen and Hodge flipped the puck over flailing Ranger goalie Ed Giacomin. A minute later Awrey was penalized for elbowing Gilbert, a particular target of the Boston hitters, and the Rangers pressed their power play furiously. However, the Bruin antipower play proved quite a bit better. In an outrageous display of bravado, first Sanderson and then Hodge scored for the Bruins while they were shorthanded. The crowd shrieked its joy; hated New York was being humiliated. The Rangers looked not only bruised but crushed as they skated off the ice at the end of the period.

Midway through the second period Hodge completed a hat trick by rapping an Esposito rebound past Giacom-

min. That put Boston ahead 5-1, but the Bruins apparently do not like 5-1 leads. Last year they led Montreal by the same score in the second game of their cup debacle—and lost 7-5. Once again they chose this magic moment to give up their forceful approach to hockey, and suddenly the Rangers were free to work their sweet passing game. Gilbert promptly got a goal 5-2. In the third period Hadfield got another at 1:46. 5-3. Now the Bruins were uneasy. Rightfully, for the Rangers were far from through. At 7:48 Tkaczuk fired a bullet from the faceoff circle. 5-4. At 9:17 Bruce MacGregor made like Riva Rodge and galloped in on Cheevers for another. 5-5. Hysteria. Humiliation. The crowd shrieked; not with joy. "I knew we'd come back," Francis said later, revealing an insight no one else on earth had shared as the period began.

Then came the end, a cut so quick New York didn't even bleed. The Rangers were still dominating play when the Bruins slipped out for what looked like

an abortive move up ice. The puck skipped from Ed Westfall to Mike Walton to Garnet (Ace) Bailey, who flew down the left wing against Brad Park. "I thought I had him in the corner," Park said. What he actually had was a splendid view as Bailey sliced around him, cradling the puck on his stick, and raced in toward Giacomin.

"I think they expected me to go behind the net and pass the puck out," Bailey said later. Instead he cut in, switched the puck to his backhand and, with 2:16 remaining, flipped the disk between the goalie and the near post. 6-5. Boston. Score one for muscle. Just

Understandably, the Rangers were not downcast as they headed home to Long Beach and the mattresses before returning to Boston for Tuesday's second game. "We proved we can come back," said Hadfield. "Aw," said Boston's Sanderson, "we just wanted to tease them." Sure. What Coach Johnson said was more to the point: "We were lucky to get out alive." **END**

Jubilant after scoring winning goal, Bailey (right) hoists sticks with Ed Westfall. The shot came with time short and New York rampaging



THIS DRAKE WAS FOR THE DUCKS

Rain, wind and assorted ailments hampered U.S. Olympic hopefuls at Des Moines' Drake Relays, but nothing bothered the one key man who wasn't eligible to go to Munich. South Africa's Fanie Von Zyl by PAT PUTNAM

An Olympic barometer, the Drake Relays presented a gloomy forecast. But then the squally weather in Des Moines last weekend was no help. Raindrops fell on the heads of some of our biggest Olympic hopefuls. Ralph Mann, Jim Ryun and Half-Miler Mark Winzenried were washouts. Charlie Greene and Herb Washington ran like puddle ducks—fourth and fifth respectively over 100 meters. Hurdler Rodney Milburn and High Jumper Pat Matzdorf won but, like the sun, hardly shone. Only Al Feuerbach seemed weatherproof, uncorking a meet-record shotput of 69' 6½". As Mann, who holds the world record of 48.8 in the 440 intermediate hurdles, said after finishing third—on one leg—in 51 seconds: "Those beautiful people should have thrown rocks at us."

Mann strained his left ankle in Los Angeles three weeks ago and was ordered to stay off it until next Monday. He stayed off it—until the Drake Relays. Then he wrapped it in eight layers of tape and limped onto the track. "If that

tape gives and the foot bends... well, you'll know it. You'll see me clear the hurdle—by about 40 feet."

There was nothing wrong with Ryun's feet, but after a week-long siege of dysentery he was not the man who ran a 3:57.1 two weeks ago in the Kansas Relays. "I'll give it my best shot," he said. He did until the second turn of the second lap, when he made a move for the lead and suddenly thought, "Where's the men's room?" He finished next to last in 4:09 and kept right on running to the W.C.

For Mark Winzenried there was the problem of a slight strain in his right thigh. Nothing serious. It was only the end of April and in an Olympic year nobody peaks in April. Nobody except the South Africans, who can't go to the Olympics because of *apartheid* and all that. South Africa holds its national championships in early April. Thus, when 23-year-old Fanie Van Zyl left Potchefstroom two weeks ago, he was in top shape. Which Winzenried discovered.

Van Zyl arrived in Des Moines with impressive credentials: 800 meters in 1:45.6; 1,500 meters in 3:37.9 (in '90" at 5,000 feet); the mile in 3:56.4 (also at 5,000 feet); 5,000 meters in 13:48; and 10,000 meters in 29:36—when he was 18 years old. Van Zyl wanted to run the mile in the Drake Relays. What he almost got was a spectator's ticket.

The mile had eight starters and the meet officials figured that was enough. "You've got to draw the line somewhere," was the official explanation. "You get so many coaches asking for a late entry you have to set a deadline and stick to it. Besides, with eight runners and eight lanes you have a very neat start."

Fortunately for Van Zyl, there was an empty lane in the 800. This made Winzenried happy, too. The night before he was to race the South African he shook his head at the irony of it all.

"Here's a guy I've been waiting to run against for three years, and then he suddenly shows up and I'm not sharp,"

he said. "I only learned he was here half an hour ago. Have you seen him? Do you know anything about him? South Africa, man, that's like another planet. You hear about one of those guys but since they never run in the Olympics you figure you'll never touch him. But it's good to run against guys you've never seen. You can't get excited running against the same people all the time. There's no mystery, no excitement. Now a guy like Van Zyl shows up and you get that fear of the unknown. These are the things you need to get ready for Munich. Are you sure you never saw him?"

Friday afternoon Winzenried saw all he wanted of Van Zyl, most of it a rear view from about 10 yards. Living up to his credentials and his form, the South African won in 1:46.4, with Winzenried second in 1:47.1, his best time of the year.

Afterward, Van Zyl announced that he intended to stay in the U.S. for at least six weeks. "I was always hearing how great the U.S. was," he said, "and it's living up to it."

"Sure," a companion said, "but it's not Munich."

"No, not really," Van Zyl said. He was sitting on the steps of the Drake Fieldhouse, the rain matting his hair. He was handed a meet program, and when he put on his glasses to study it he looked not unlike a high school student who had just won the science fair.

"I enjoy running," he said. "But I see athletics as just a part of life. Life is not a part of athletics. I think the Olympics or a world record would be an ideal goal, but if you can't have either it is not the end of the world. Sure, it is disappointing. I qualified for the Olympics when I was 18 and I couldn't go. This time I can't go. I've decided it's like races. I've won some and I've lost some. And take a world record. My wife is pregnant, and for me to have a child is better than any record. A world record can be broken. A child, that's forever."

Somebody mentioned John Van Reenen, the giant South African discus thrower who competed for Washington

Al Feuerbach got off a mighty 69' 6½" put



Stase. In recent weeks Van Reenen has been shopping around for a country that would let him on its Olympic team.

"I couldn't do it," said Van Zijl. "I love my country. I love my people. I wouldn't do it. It doesn't mean that much to me. Let me ask you: Do you love your country?"

"Certainly."

"Then let me ask you: Would you leave it for any reason?"

"No."

Van Zijl shrugged, driving his thin sharply pointed shoulders almost through the clinging wet cloth of his uniform. "There you have it," he said.

Charlie Greene and Herb Washington most definitely didn't have it in the 100, as Ivory Crockett, the banty speedster from Southern Illinois, won. Greene blamed his poor showing on the wind, which came with the rain. He tried to talk the officials into reversing the direction of the straightaway for the final, a move which would have had the sprinters running with the wind. The officials said no. "You'll be sorry," said Greene. "The times will be lousy." They were, Crockett winning in 10.5. Washington said his problem was false starts, three in the university qualifying heat, three 15 minutes later in the open final. "That's unreal," he moaned.

Slowly recovering from an injury, Matsdorf, the world-record holder, managed to jump 7' and came away wondering if he would ever clear the Olympic Trials qualifying height of 7' 5/8". "I can't understand it," he said. "I try to jump them all the same way, but it doesn't work. The good ones are good and the bad ones are awful. I need confidence. Know where I can get some?"

For openers, see Rodney Milburn, who has enough for himself plus three high jumpers and a hammer thrower. If people will only let him do his thing on his own schedule, that is.

With the high hurdles world record of 13 flat in his pocket, Milburn has discovered that star status sometimes can be a pain in the gluteus maximus. A 22-year-old junior at Southern University, Milburn won his qualifying heat in 13.7, his final in 13.6 and was satisfied. But he could hear the grumbings over his times.

"Man, last year it was fun," he had said earlier. "There was no problem being by myself; I had time. But now, with the world record, people are al-



Van Zijl beat Wenzelried (850) in the 800-meter run with a 1:46.4, the year's best time

ways knocking on my door. They want me to do this and to do that. They expect me to run some more 13s, then a 12.9, then a 12.8, then a 12.7. Sometimes I feel like I'm going nuts. Last week I went to the doctor with a stomach ache but when I got there I told him to open my head, to do something, anything. It seemed like everything was coming down on me. Man, when school lets out if I can't get away by myself for two weeks, just go off and concentrate on the Olympics, I won't even make the team. The thing is: now I have to make two sacrifices. One for myself and one for the people."

So far Milburn has not even begun serious work toward the Olympics. He has been able to coast on the residualism of last year, but Munich is never far from his mind. He is, well, obsessed with staying together for the Olympic Trials. He acknowledges he magnifies little hurts. He is forever getting sound treatments on his legs, jumping into whirlpool baths and climbing onto a rubdown table.

Milburn is the first to admit he is a victim of his own success. "It's unreal," he says. "Like there's this old man on campus. He comes up and fools with my sideburns, curling them and all, and says how he thinks I should cut them off maybe a little. And there's this joint off campus. I go in there for a pack of gum, nothing but gum, and pretty soon people are saying how that's the reason I'm not breaking 13 seconds. They say I'm in there drinking." He laughed. "Man, if I listened to all that, if I ran only for the public, I really would go nuts. Sometimes they can be so dumb. They never understand. You give them something and they always want more. Look at Ralph Mann, he gives them a great race on one leg, but do you think they are happy? I don't think so."

Mann shook his head at that. "I don't know about them," he said. "But I know I'm not happy. I feel like the president of McGraw-Hill and ITT all rolled into one. What's the tallest building in Des Moines? I think I'll go jump." **END**



WE'RE ONLY STARTING TO ROLL

American cycling cannot boast many big wheels, but the U.S. Grand Prix showed we are pedaling to the top
by LARRY KEITH

Until last month Encino, Calif. was known as the home of John Wayne, Mackey Rooney and the 1,000-year-old Living Oak Tree. Then the cyclists took over the town. Not your Hell's Angels, but a bunch of wiry, dedicated guys who push bicycles around the 34-degree banked turns of a velodrome for kicks.

Until their arrival amateur bike racing had ranked alongside jacks in the U.S. sporting spectrum, but with the advent of the U.S. Grand Prix, the first international meet ever held in the U.S. (excluding the Los Angeles Olympics), the sport finally got some cachet and Encino a new claim to fame.

The event's promoter was Chuck Franke, a former cyclist and Mr. Culifornia, who had help from his wife Jeanne and Ron Packham, who will always be remembered for his role as (not in) the French Connection.

Last September, while vacationing in Israel, Packham heard from Franke, who said he hoped to promote U.S. cycle racing by staging a first-class international event, and what did Ron think? Packham, an ex-cyclist, did not waste time thinking. He up and went to France, his home country, to discuss the idea with famed Coach Louis (Totò) Gerardin. Surprisingly, Gerardin said *oui*, he would bring sprint stars Daniel Morelon and Pierre Trentin and, *oui*, he would personally recommend that oth-

er top cycling countries participate. Three days later Packham walked into the Franke's Santa Monica home and announced, "I have the French." If Franke had been promoting a finger-painting contest, the promise of Picasso would have had no greater impact.

Thus the race was on, and it turned out to be first-class on all counts. Denmark's three-time world kilometer champion, Nels Fredborg, came, which awed Franke. In turn, Fredborg was awed. "You treat us too well," he said as he lounged by the pool at the Encino Hilton. "We never have it so nice in Europe. I hope you get a good rate."

While the world champions were impressed with the surroundings, U.S. cycling nuts like Dick Berg of Northbrook, Ill. were excited by the champions. The winner of the first (and last) U.S. stock bicycle title in 1945, Berg now operates a chain of nursery schools. "I never saw a world hike champion before," he said.

Since he lives across the street from the cradle of America's recent speed-skating success, premier athletes are not foreign to Berg. "I watched speed skating go from nowhere," he said, "and I think it can happen in cycling too."

Gerardin was even more to the point, "You only need the international competition to develop your talent," he said.

World-class competition is essential in cycling as tactics are as important as speed. An early lap of a sprint race, for example, may come to a halt while the racers wait for someone to take the lead. Teamwork is important, too. Inexperience in these respects was evident at Encino in a 5,000-meter heat when John Vande Velde sprinted out front, only to find that his own teammate was leading the charge to catch him. Dispirited, Vande Velde finished last.

"There is much we have to learn," admits U.S. Coach Jerry Rimoldi, "but I have no doubt we will do better than we ever have in the Olympics."

Rimoldi is on fairly safe ground. There are few sports which allow the kind of improvement available in U.S. cycling. Americans have not won an Olympic medal for 60 years. Rimoldi believes this year's Olympic team could come through in the 200-kilometer road race and the 4,000-meter team pursuit.

John Howard, a Missourian, is our long-distance hope, having won the gold medal at the 1971 Pan-American Games. He finished fourth in the 50-kilometer at

Encino. "The distance was much too short for me," he said. "I don't really get into a race for about 50 or 60 miles."

Howard is like a lot of U.S. cyclists in that he entered the sport after failing to excel in others. "The best athletes aren't usually in cycling," he admits.

Gerardin also believes the 4,000-meter pursuit team, headed by Vande Velde, could do well at Munich. Improvement in this event since a 15th-place finish at Mexico City in 1968 has been rapid. The U.S. was ninth at the world championships in Italy last year.

A number of U.S. cyclists plan to compete and train in Europe as part of their Olympic preparation, among them Skip Cutting and Gary Campbell. Cutting, 25, is muscular in the Danish style. Campbell, only 20, is not as powerful, although his shaved legs accentuate his musculature. Despite his youth, he finished third behind the two Frenchmen, Morelon and Trentin, in the 500-meter at Encino, and ahead of several heralded foreigners.

Campbell is the reigning U.S. sprint champion and he believes he can win an Olympic medal. "It used to be I only wanted to beat Cutting," he said. "Now that I know I can do that I'm really going after the international guys."

Cutting, too, is confident, but his and Campbell's Olympic ambitions do not conflict since there is room for both among the 10 track riders on the 18-man U.S. team. A nine-year veteran with road and team-pursuit experience before he became a sprinter, Cutting won a bronze in the 1,000-meter and a surprising silver in the 50-kilometer at Encino.

The U.S., which provided nearly half of the 39 entrants from nine countries, took full advantage of its numerical superiority, taking nine medals overall, including Vande Velde's gold in the 4,000-meter individual pursuit, where the competition was not topflight.

The biggest winners at Encino—aside from U.S. cycling—may have been Franke and Packham, who, with an average attendance of 4,000 a day, could recoup the \$10,000 they personally invested. Moreover, a national network was said to be considering televising the event next year, and an enterprising public-relations man, who specializes in sports marketing, was heard to say after his first look at cycle racing, "The thing has a future." **END**

Fearless Daniel Morelon of France (top) took the 500-meter as expected, but John Vande Velde was a blooming surprise in the 4,000.

JUST TO BE IN THE DERBY PICTURE

Almost every owner of a colt in the Run for the Roses feels his horse is cut out to win, but pride and joy diminish objectivity about who can measure up at Churchill Downs **by WHITNEY TOWER**



One Eyed Tom 100-1

His entranced gelding worked well in Nevada, Michael Hines says. How well? "Oh, I never clocked him in fact, I don't know how far it is around my track."



Kentucky 12-1

Preston Madden will be hardbooting his horse. "He's special, or I wouldn't have named him that."



No Le Hoss 4-1

... means "it makes no difference," but a win would be along Texan Joe Stron.



Hoss's Image 15-1

Lester's Jester 15-1

Havashina, a Louisville doctor who has entered his whole stable, has sent out dozens of invitations to a post-Derby party. "to relax the colts' performances."



Brownell Combs 15-1

Brownell Combs sold Introductive and Suspected, but kept this other sickly colt. Only the race will prove if they should stand or bed.



Give Her an Inch 3-1

Give her an inch and he'll take a mile and the money, but can Marshall Blum's boy take a mile and a quarter?





Through the years the Kentucky Derby has been exalted and declaimed. It can be a sublime or ridiculous event—or both, as the victory of Canonero proved last year. It is a source of joy and frustration, and come May there are always horsemen muttering. "I wouldn't care if I never won another race, if I could just win this one."

It is unlikely that next Saturday's 98th running will have a storybook ending to match 1971, but the possibility exists. The winner could be a gelding from

Las Vegas who has prepped for the Derby hardly a whinny from the Sahara Hotel. Ostriches, bears and monkeys have been his company—and it seems his only competition to date. But far be it from even Jimmy Jones, who saddled a pair of Derby winners, to rule out this son of Sunset Strip.

"Any horse can win," says Jones, "for the Derby is held at the time of year when miracles happen overnight. Horses are developing quickly. In every Derby field there is one colt who puts every-

continued



Billy Rogell 16-1

No world champion like his namesake, a shortstop on the '35 Detroit Tigers, but P. L. Grosson's colt will try to make the play.



Riva Ridge 2-1

Perry Tweedy, a Virginia blueblood like her colt, owns the favorite but is uneasy. "We've had Derby favorites before—First Landing and Sir Gaylord—and not won."



Head of the River 5-1

Key to the Mint 5-1

Paul Mellon has a theory that the best horse does not always win the Derby. This year he's out to prove it, fast or slow.



Big Spruce 24-1

A beauty in the eye of the holder, Max Gluck. "Without doubt, he's the handsomest horse that ever lived."



Freddie 8-1

Neither Bill Stivola, nor brother Joe, lacked their gift horse in the mouth.



Introductory 12-1

Houston Odman Corbin J. Robertson ponied up \$125,000 last month just to join the Derby dogs.

thing together at precisely post time. This is what makes the event remarkable—you never know who is coming up and who is over the hill. Take Calumet's Ponder in 1949. If they'd run the Derby a week earlier, he would have finished nowhere." (Calumet will collect another Derby cup—its eighth—when the 1968 trophy, which has been held in a bank vault for four years as court-bested the Dancer's Image-Forward Pass affair, is at last delivered.)

Sixteen horses are expected to start this year in the Run for the Roses. At the head of the list are Riva Ridge, Hold Your Peace, No Le Haze and Head of the River (who may be joined by his more impressive stablemate, Key to the Mint). Unlike some favorites in the political sweepstakes, Riva Ridge has held his own through the spring campaign. Yes, there was a nasty upset in a Florida primacy, but last season's champion still retains his top ranking and figures to become the 43rd favorite to win the Derby (43rd) of the favorites have been successful, compared with 34th in other races). Riva Ridge has had only three 1972 starts. He won the seven-furlong Hibernus at Hialeah in late March. Ten days later he appeared in the Everglades on a sloppy track. Mired down on the rail and cleverly trapped there by Jockey Mickey Solomon on Hold Your Peace, the son of First Landing only managed to finish fourth. Paul Mellon's Head of the River splashed around the dueling colts and scored an upset victory. Riva Ridge's final Derby prep was the nine-furlong Blue Grass Stakes last week at Keeneland. He coasted to a four-length win over a pretty poor lot.

Some horsemen thought Riva Ridge looked like a short horse in the Blue Grass. After watching him shake off his closest competitor, Sensitive Music, in midstretch, there was considerable argument about the quality of his performance. It was felt that if a better horse collars Riva Ridge at the eighth pole this week at Churchill Downs, he will not have sufficient finishing kick to get the job done with much facility, if at all. But the colt's trainer, Lucien Laurin, who has yet to win a Derby (he has had two starters), disagrees. "At Keeneland they called the track fast, but it really was very tiring," Laurin explains. "Riva was tired in 1:49½. He needed the race. After all, that's why I started him, isn't it? I get a little annoyed when

people insinuate that I'm running a short horse. I swear, if this horse doesn't win the Derby, then I don't know anything about training anymore. My colt isn't short. He's dead fit, and now, after a seven-eighths race and two mile-and-an-eighth races, he's as ready as I know how to make a horse."

Among Laurin's rivals is Arnold Winick, one of the ablest trainers in the U.S. He once ran a kennel and began to dabble in horses only after being stuck with a colt as payment for a dog's board bill. Somewhere along the line, Winick must have learned the Churchill Downs formula of the late Ben Jones, Jimmy's father and a six-time Derby-winning trainer. "Get two mile-and-an-eighth races into your horse before the Derby," old Ben would say. Winick has done just that with Hold Your Peace, who runs in the silks of Maribel Blum, widow of a distiller. After starting him in three sprints in Florida this winter, Winick entered Hold Your Peace in the Flamingo Stakes. He ran off with the hundred-grander by 10 lengths. His next race was the Everglades, in which he and Riva Ridge had their muddy battle. Winick is inclined to believe that his colt's second-place finish in that event was not so much the result of his jockey's misguided tactics as the 10 pounds he had to give away to Head of the River. Last Saturday in the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs Hold Your Peace scored an easy five-length win over seven runners, giving away pounds to each. Winick purchased the colt for \$26,000, and although he only won two of 11 races as a 2-year-old, he is now 4 for 6 at three. The colt's name, selected by Winick's wife LaVergne, comes from his sire, Speak John. Winick talks of his Derby hopeful as "my little big horse"—he's only about 15 hands tall. But he's like a sports car with a powerful motor; he can maneuver in and out of tight spots because he is so small and agile. Why, he'd make a horse trainer out of anyone. He's a different colt this year. In the Champagne last fall Riva Ridge went by him so fast I thought he'd catch pneumonia. After that I took him to my place in Florida for a rest and he came back roaring like a bear. But I still have great respect for Riva Ridge. He didn't win \$500,000 just by sitting around doing nothing."

Anytime Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable has a starter in a classic event, the horse

must be considered a contender. And this week it may have two in Louisville: Head of the River and Key to the Mint (a decision was to be made about him after the Derby Trial). Neither Trainer Elliott Burch nor Mellon has ever won a Kentucky Derby, and they are particularly keen for victory because they have come so close in the past. Training Sword Dancer in 1959 for the late Isabel Dodge Sloane, Burch lost by a nose to Tony Lee. The Burch-trained and Mellon-owned Quadrangle was a close-up fifth to Northern Dancer in 1964, and then in 1969 their Arts and Letters lost by a neck to Majestic Prince. Head of the River, a son of Crewman and a half-brother to Run the Gamlet, did not distinguish himself recently by finishing third to some non-Derby eligibles in the Wood Memorial. That day in sloppy going the colt failed to sustain his run and the form he had shown in the Everglades, but Burch was not overly discouraged. "Next time he should go better." In past Derbies Burch has had trouble retaining some of the glamour jockeys he contracted for early in the season. They have jumped to other mounts and left him stranded. So this year he hired 31-year-old journeyman Mike Hole for Head of the River. He is a strong rider who suits the colt. If Key to the Mint, a son of Graustark and half-brother to Fort Marcy, starts, he will be ridden by Braulio Baeza. But Key to the Mint will only go to the post if Elliott Burch feels he is far enough along after his mid-March injury to win.

One owner who definitely thinks victory a possibility is San Antonio businessman Joseph Straus, who has nominated No Le Haze. The colt's trainer, Homer Pardue, was born across from the Churchill Downs quarter pole on Central Avenue. Going into this week's Derby Trial the Straus colt, a son of Candy Spots, had won five in a row, including two at that all-important mile-and-an-eighth distance—the Louisiana and Arkansas derbies. Detractors like to point out that winners of the Arkansas Derby often have been far from top class. The horses No Le Haze beat that day at Oaklawn Park have done little noteworthy since.

"Never mind that," says the colt's non-sensense handler, Pardue. "My horse will have no excuses in the Kentucky Derby. He can handle the track and a large field. When he gets in trouble, it

continued

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Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

just makes him mad and he drives right through. Sure, the field will be tough, but no one is in Louisville for the fun of it. Horsemen don't come here to see the roses, they come to get them."

The mile-and-a-quarter Derby distance simply may be too far for some colts, but that won't be an excuse for Freezey, a son of the distance-loving VerTex. The colt was second to Riva Ridge in last fall's Garden State, but since then has seldom done things right, winning only two of six races. But his owners, the Stavola brothers, are not complaining. They received the horse as a present from their father and he has earned over \$150,000 for them. If the track is muddy in Louisville the colt may be scratched. But if Freezey has racing luck (and he needs it, for he comes from far back at the end) and a fast track, he is capable of running well, as he did in winning the one-mile Gotham Stakes in early April.

Houston Dilman Corbin J. Robertson purchased his Derby starter, Introductory, just a few weeks ago. Since then the colt has been third in Keeneland's Fore-runner (won by Billy Rogell) and fourth in Riva Ridge in the Blue Grass, beaten eight lengths. Robertson is anxious to see his racing colors in Derby competition and his trainer, Stanley Rieger, has persuaded him that Introductory has some kind of change.

There are other owners who hear tunes of glory and have decided to start 3-year-olds whose past performances scarcely seem to warrant the honor. Detroiters Perne and Charles Gressom have entered Billy Rogell. Sensitive Music, one of four sons of Sensitive who may go to the post, falls in this category. The colt was at his best in the Blue Grass, when he was second to Riva Ridge, but his record is unimpressive: two wins in 13 races. Dr. Neale, Big Spruce and Big Brown Bear, who has only one victory in 17 races, are other long shots. Kentuckians may be a slightly better bet. He finished a respectable second to Quick in the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields. "Our colt was dead in his West Coast races," says Owner Preston Madden, "because there was no early speed. But if there's one thing you do know about the Kentucky Derby it's that there is *always* early speed. The more the better for my colt. Our jockey, Don Brumfield, rode Kauai King to victory in 1966. He knows exactly what it's like to win a Derby.

Those kind always want to win another."

A man all set to provide Madden with the speed he requires is Juan Arias, who trained the remarkable Canonero. This year Arias is preparing Hasi's Image and Lester's Jester, who between them have won only eight of 42 races. Neither colt has a victory beyond a mile and a sixteenth and neither would be drawing any notice were it not for Arias, whose training skill is considerable. "All horses have chances," Arias says in his broken English, "but the most chances are for Riva Ridge." Arias plans his 34th birthday celebration on Derby Day. And that afternoon he expects some "rapido" by Lester's Jester (i.e., six furlongs in under 1:09 if possible). Then his hope is that Hasi's Image can come roaring from the back of the pack just like Canonero.

This year, however, it is One Eyed Tom who is the stuff for storybooks. The gelding arrived in Louisville last Saturday accompanied by Owner-Trainer Mike Hines, a 52-year-old former Notre Dame tackle (1939-41) who now is a lawyer in Las Vegas. "The divorce business has fallen off," Hines says, "because the hippies don't bother to get married anymore. Luckily, bankruptcy cases are picking up." One Eyed Tom had never run in any kind of race. One thing the horse still had to prove to track officials was that he would break from a starting gate—early in Derby Week he schooled badly from the barrier. Meanwhile, Hines was complaining his horse had grown too fat. (Long-shot players take note: that was a pre-Derby criticism of Canonero.) One Eyed Tom is hefty for good reason. He has been galloped four to six miles daily on a ranch track by a rider weighing 170 pounds. The 126 assigned Derby entries will feel like a feather on his back.

As the big race draws near, horses are sure to drop in and out of the field. Don Aronow, the czar of powerboat racing, has a possible starter named Suspended. If the colt was a racing machine on the order of *The Cigarette*, there might be more concern. And a chestnut colt named Pacallo, whose claim to fame seems to be that he has competed in distance events in Puerto Rico, also has arrived at Churchill Downs.

So there are all sorts of hooves in the Derby grab bag this year. But to pick a winner? Well, I'd vote for Riva Ridge, the Mellon entry, Hold Your Peace, No Le Haze... and why not in that order. **END**

SUDDENLY THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING DOESN'T

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He searches the hotel room for a round object. Finding none, he picks up an ashtray from the bedside table. "Imagine this is a baseball," he says. The ashtray is black and square. He grips it in his right hand, his first two fingers and thumb encircling three sides of its perimeter, his other two fingers knuckled under its base. "Now, to break off a real fine curveball," he says, "you have to turn your wrist like this." He holds the ashtray at eye level, his right arm not quite fully extended. He tilts it so that his first two fingers are on top, his thumb below, and looks intently into its scooped-out center. Now he begins to rotate his wrist very slowly. His top fingers move away from him and down and his thumb moves toward him and up until the ashtray has turned 180 degrees from its original position, and he is staring at its base. The original position of his fingers and thumb has been reversed, and now the thumb is on top and his first two fingers on the bottom.

"See," he says. "it's a very simple, natural motion." He repeats the procedure, only this time he rotates the ashtray in a more fluid, sweeping manner, and as



IN A WORLD OF WINDMILLS

John Sein is the best and most beloved pitching coach in baseball. This does not necessarily represent the opinion of the management

by PAT JORDAN

his wrist turns he draws the ashtray in to his chest. He demonstrates the motion, slowly and very gracefully, almost with tenderness, as a man might draw a beautiful woman to himself.

"It is a natural motion," he says softly. "It's real easy and natural." He repeats it again and again and again, each time drawing that woman to his chest until it is apparent that the repetition is only in small part for his student's sake and more for his own. With each repetition he seems to be reaffirming the clarity and logic of that motion, and with each reaffirmation he takes great pleasure. As he repeats the lesson, he speaks in that soothing drawl of his, that operate that softens resistance, that makes men open and receptive to his teaching. It is as if you slept while a foreign language recording played over and over and, on waking, you discovered you had learned a new language. Only it is not really learned, not consciously acquired, but rather absorbed—and absorbed so effortlessly that it seems not new after all. It becomes something natural that one has possessed all along, though it was buried, and this teacher deserves credit only for nudging it to the surface. Then this new possession, rather than this old possession newly discovered, becomes in one's mind one's very own in a way nothing learned ever can be.

He stops, puts the ball in his left hand and says, "If you throw it correctly the ball should break something like this." He cups his now empty right hand and draws a backward S in the air. "See, it goes away from a batter and down at the same time." He draws another backward S, then another, and another, each one drawn gracefully, with care, the shape of that beautiful but elusive woman he has committed to memory. He takes the ball in his right hand and, standing beside his bed, he begins his motion. He is wearing a pale blue shirt, a dark blue tie and navy flared slacks. He pumps, reaches back, kicks, moves forward, and at the last possible second pulls that woman to his chest.

Johnny Sain, the 54-year-old pitching coach of the Chicago White Sox, is a big man, almost 6'3" tall and over 200 pounds. He has one of those slight men's builds that with age takes on weight through the chest and arms while the legs remain thin. His face is small-featured, leathery, creased, and his cheeks are lumpy from years of chewing to-

bacco. He would look to be a very gruff man, without tenderness, if it were not for his smile, which is faint, and his eyes, which are a clear, youthful blue. That smile (not a smile, really, just a show of teeth) and those eyes (wincing, vaguely distant) lend him the air of a man perpetually scanning the horizon for uncertain shapes and shadows, for, quite possibly, windmills, whose presence he is sure of but whose form escapes him.

When Johnny Sain became the Chicago White Sox pitching coach in the fall of 1970 he inherited a staff that during the previous season had recorded the highest earned-run average (4.54) in the major leagues, and in the American League had allowed the most hits (1,554), had given up the most home runs (164) and the most runs (822). The team's most successful pitcher was eight-year veteran Tommy John, who had won 12 games and lost 17.

After a season under Sain the White Sox finished fourth in their league in team pitching and fifth overall. They had reduced the staff ERA to 3.12; had placed three pitchers in the league's top 15; had produced a 22-game winner in journeyman Wilbur Wood, who in his nine previous years in the majors had won only 37 games; and had developed two young pitchers of promise—Tom Bradley, winner of 15, and Bart Johnson, winner of 12. As a team Chicago finished third in its division, and there was speculation that the club's rookie manager, Chuck Tanner, might be voted the American League's Manager of the Year.

Before Sain was hired by Chicago he was working in the minor leagues, having been dropped as pitching coach by a succession of major league clubs—the Athletics, Yankees, Twins and Tigers. It wasn't that Johnny Sain wasn't doing his job. It seemed, in fact, that he was doing it too well. In New York he had coached Jim Boston, Ralph Terry and Whitey Ford to 20-game seasons, the only times in their careers they achieved such records. In Minnesota, Mudcat Grant and Jim Kaat became 20-game winners under Sain, also for the first and only times in their careers, and Dave Boswell and Jim Perry improved noticeably and became 20-game winners shortly after Sain departed. Finally, in Sain's years in Detroit, Denny McLain won 31 games and 24 games. Earl Wil-

son won 22, a mark he never approached before or after in his 11-year major league career. And Mackey Loehle, although only a 19-game winner under Sain, became a 25-game winner after the pitching coach left the Tigers. "Without Sain's help I never would have done it," Loehle says today.

Johnny Sain came from Havana, Ark., a village close by the foothills of the Ozark Mountains, and signed his first professional baseball contract—\$50 per month—with Osceola of the Class D Northeast Arkansas League. In the next five years Sain was to play for three other minor league teams, all of which felt he did not have sufficient speed to become a major league pitcher. One major league scout watched Sain hurl a shut-out and then wrote his front office saying he hadn't seen a hallplayer on the field. Sain himself did not believe he ever would become a major-leaguer. He regarded his summer ballplaying as just another job. He got better pay as an athlete than as a soda jerk. For a while he was an automobile mechanic like his father, and occasionally he worked as a waiter but usually just to earn enough money to pay his way to still another try-out camp.

Sain managed to put together two winning seasons in Class D ball and then moved on to the AA club in Nashville. But after posting a 6-42 record his manager told him to bring a first baseman's glove to spring training the following year. He had batted .315 as a part-time first baseman. However, that year (1942) so many young pitchers were drafted

continued

into the military that Sain was allowed to remain a pitcher. In fact, he was invited to try out with the Boston Braves and he so impressed the club's manager, Casey Stengel, that he was brought North to start the season. At the time Sain was 24; he had a good curveball and decent control but little speed. Used almost exclusively as a relief pitcher, he posted a 4-7 record before he, too, went into the military. He joined the Navy Air Corps along with Ted Williams and Johnny Pesky. However, Sain spent 22 months trying to earn his flight wings while some ballplayers earned theirs in less than a year. "I've always been a slow learner," says Sain. "That's helped me a lot, both as player and coach. I have to go over things again and again before they stick in my mind. But when they do, they stick better than if I had picked them up quick."

During the war years Sain pitched in service leagues throughout the South, developing an assortment of sliders and curveballs. He improved so rapidly that at one point he struck out Ted Williams three consecutive times in a service game. When Sain returned to Boston in 1946, he astonished everyone by winning 20 games that season. In the five years from 1946 to 1950, when Sain and Warren Spahn pitched together and Boston fans chanted, "Spahn and Sain and pray for rain," Sain won 95 games and Spahn won 86. Yet it was Spahn, younger, more ebullient, with stylish form and a good fastball, who captured the imagination of writers and fans. Even his profile deserved attention by its very sharpness, while Sain, older, reticent, with only modest ability, seemed the epitome of blurred edges. In those years Sain seldom contributed to team discussions of methods for dispatching opposing batters. He never had been coached in the minor leagues (no one considered him enough of a prospect to waste the time) and had had to educate himself, slowly, painstakingly, so he had grown quite parsimonious of his hard-earned pitching knowledge.

Because of Sain's reputation for dependability and his inherent unobtrusiveness, most people were stunned in July 1948 a few days before the All-Star Game when Johnny Sain threatened to quit baseball. "I meant it," he says. "I was going to walk away from the whole thing." What had angered the previously unflappable Sain was the news

that Brave Owner Lou Perini had signed an 18-year-old pitcher named Johnny Antonelli for \$65,000. Sain, a proven 20-game winner, was playing for \$21,500 after an unsuccessful holdout for more. Eventually Sain got the \$30,000 he demanded and a two-year contract. It was not the money that mattered to the modest-living pitcher but what it signified to him. He had come to view the respect and loyalty a team had for him in terms of its salary offer. How much did a team respect him and his talent, he wondered, if it gave an untired youth three times what it offered him.

Sain finished out his productive years as a relief pitcher with the Yankees and there became friends with Ralph Houk, who used to warm him up in the bullpen before relief appearances. Houk was a light hitter who was to spend most of his time in bullpens, but he put this to good use. He studied each game carefully, dismissed various situations with pitchers, especially Sain, and prepared himself for that day when he hoped to manage the Yankees. Houk's diligence was eventually rewarded. And when he got the job years later he remembered Sain, who was not only a friend but also someone whose pitching knowledge he greatly respected.

Sain played out his career in Kansas City, retiring in 1955, and the Athletics hired him as their pitching coach in 1959. "To become a pitching coach," he says, "you have to start all over again. You have to get outside of yourself. You might have done things a certain way when you pitched, but that doesn't mean it will be natural to someone else. For example, I threw a lot of sliders and off-speed pitches because I wasn't very fast. But that's me. I could also pitch with only two days' rest [he once pitched nine complete games in 29 days] whereas many pitchers need four, although I think they shouldn't. I have never believed much in running pitchers to keep them in shape. A lot of pitching coaches make a living out of running pitchers so they won't have to spend that same time teaching them how to pitch, something they are unsure of. It would be better to have those pitchers throw on the sidelines every day than run. Things like this I learned on my own. I picked up everything by observation, which is the best teacher. Nothing came easy to me. I had to think things over and over more than guys with natural ability did. May-

be this has made it easier for me to get my ideas across to pitchers.

"I don't know any answers. I don't give pitchers answers. I try to stimulate their thinking, to present alternatives and let them choose. I remind them every day of things they already know but tend to forget. I repeat things a lot, partly for them, but also for my own thinking, to make sure what I'm saying makes sense. . . . I don't force anyone to be like Johnny Sain. I want them to be what's natural to themselves. I adjust to their style, both as pitchers and people. I find some common ground outside of baseball that'll make it easier for us to communicate. I used to talk flying with Denny McLain. Once you can communicate with a pitcher it's easier to make him listen to you about pitching. You know him better, too. You know when to lay off him, when to minimize his tensions and also when to inspire him. That's why you've got to know him. Pitching coaches don't change pitchers, we just stimulate their thinking. We teach their subconscious mind so that when they get on the mound and a situation arises, it triggers an automatic physical reaction that they might not even be aware of."

Sain lasted less than a year with the Athletics. At the time Kansas City was considered both a farm team and a burial ground for the Yankees. It seemed that every aging body New York disposed of finished out his days with Kansas City, and that every talented youngster the A's produced was sent to New York to aid the Yankees in another pennant drive. Sain resigned his position with the A's a month before the close of the 1959 season because, as he told sportswriters, he felt the organization wasn't trying to build for the future. "I didn't want to be someplace where I was putting more into an organization than that organization was." The realization that he might be dawning on him one day when he asked General Manager Parke Carroll for four tickets to a game, Carroll produced the guest tickets but asked Sain to pay for them. Sain paid and left the room inwardly furious. As a coach he was making only \$12,000. "Well, if they don't care that much about me, I'm gone," he decided.

Sain spent the next year in Walnut Ridge, Ark., where he owned a car dealership. However, when Houk was appointed the Yankee manager in 1961,

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Sain knew he'd have a job in baseball again. Houk did not rehire longtime Yankee Pitching Coach Jim Turner and gave the job instead to Sain.

At first things did not go well for Houk. He was confronted with the problems any manager who had been a bullpen catcher on a team of Fords and Mantles and Berras would face when placed in charge of those same men. Houk turned to Sain for help. One day after a particularly dispiriting loss Sain advised, "Ralph, things look pretty dark right now, but don't let any son of a bitch know it. Let's not panic." A few weeks later, when the Yankees moved into first place, Houk, pulling a cigar, told reporters, "Yeah, things looked pretty bad for me last month, but I wasn't about to let any son of a bitch know it."

The Yankees won pennants in 1961, '62 and '63, and the World Series in 1961 and '62, under Houk's management. And in 1961 Houk was named Manager of the Year. During that same period Ford, Terry and Bouton had their 20-game seasons. Says Ford of his old tutor Sain, "If you don't know a coach personally, you try his stuff once or twice and if it doesn't work, you stop. But you get so personal with Sain, you admire the man so much that you just have to give his ideas an extra chance. It was Sain's teaching me a hard slider and pitching me with two and three days' rest, instead of the four and five days I needed before, that made me a 20-game winner."

Despite their mutual success, which should have enhanced their friendship, Sain and Houk began to drift apart. Houk confided less and less in his pitching coach, and when he did it was seldom on the personal basis it had been. Sain, as usual, said little. It was during those years that Houk, an ex-Ranger, began to build a reputation as a forceful disciplinarian. (He flattened a slightly drunk Ryne Duren with one punch on the tram that brought the Yankees back to New York after their 1958 World Series victory.) Soon, Houk was being referred to by fans and in newspapers as The Major.

Jim Bouton, wearing bell-bottoms and a body shirt of robin's-egg blue, leans forward over his desk at New York's WAHC-TV and says, "But does he still like me? I mean, after the book and all.

Does Johnny still like me?" Assured, Bouton sits back and says, "Sain taught me everything I know, from how to put on sanitary socks [inside out so as not to get a blister from the lint that forms in the toes] to how to negotiate a contract. I admire him more than any man I ever met. All players like him. Black, white, liberal, conservative, loud, quiet—they all do. Sain gets a pitcher's allegiance before any manager could. Managers don't like this. But it isn't Sain's fault. He doesn't try to undermine a manager's position. He can't help it, can he, if what he is appeals more to pitchers than what their managers are?"

"Johnny sees very deeply into things. A lot of managers can't stand to have him around after a while. What general likes a lieutenant that's smarter? Who wants to live with a guy like Sain, always standing off in the corner watching you, and every time you do something lousy to a player, there's John, not saying anything, not revealing what he sees, just looking like some knight in shining armor who knows all. Take Chuck Tanner, for instance. He's a nice guy who didn't know where the bodies were buried when he came to the White Sox. Now he's a successful manager, mostly because of Sain's help. How long do you think he'll want to look over his shoulder and see Sain reminding him just by his presence that he owes part of his success to someone else? It takes a big man to be able to live with that. That's why Ralph Houk got rid of Sain in '63."

"At first Houk sought out Sain because he was insecure. But when he became a successful manager, The Major didn't need a talented coach anymore, especially one who reminded him of the past. All he wanted was someone who was loyal, and Sain is loyal to himself first, his pitchers second and his manager third. When Houk quit and Berra took over, Houk was afraid Berra would be a winner with Sain's help, and that would diminish Houk's success, so he got rid of Sain."

When the Yankees lost the 1963 World Series to the Dodgers in four straight, Sain found it strange that Ralph Houk, always a bitter loser, did not seem particularly upset by that humiliation. Then Sain read in the newspapers that Houk had been promoted to general manager and Yogi Berra had replaced him as

field manager for the 1964 season, and he understood. "There was a rumor that Yogi would be the manager that year," Sain recalls, "and I thought, 'No way. The players won't respect him.' When I read about it in the papers I began thinking—Ralph is a man I always believed leveled with me, and here he didn't tell me about Yogi until after I read it in the papers. Houk sent me a letter saying he hoped it wasn't too big a shock, and a while after that I got a letter from Yogi asking me to work for him. I wrote Houk a letter saying that due to increased expenses I needed a \$2,500 raise from the \$22,500 I was already getting, which at the time I believe was the highest salary ever paid a pitching coach. I also wanted a two-year contract. Houk called me on the phone and said Topping wouldn't go for the extra money. I said, O.K., send me my release. He did. If he had been my friend, like I thought, he would have tried to talk me out of leaving. But he didn't. When Bouton found out, he offered to give me the extra money I had asked for out of his own salary. He thought it was just a salary dispute. They put Whitey in as pitching coach, and after him Jim Turner came back, and I know what Ralph Houk thinks of Jim Turner."

"Jim Turner is the best pitching coach ever," Ralph Houk said emphatically not long ago. "Understand? The best ever? A good pitching coach deals only with mechanics. It can be detrimental to a team if a pitching coach gets too personally involved with his pitchers. He should treat them mechanically. That's why Johnny Sain had his troubles. I've heard a lot of bad things about Sain since he left us. He can't seem to hold a job, can he? Jim Turner's been a pitching coach with the Yankees for years. He knows what I expect of him. We get together, and I tell him how I'm gonna use the pitchers and he does it."

Again Sain sat out a year until, in the fall of 1964, Calvin Griffith, the owner of the Minnesota Twins, offered him a job, asking him to name his salary. Sain signed for \$20,000.

Before the season began it had been rumored that Twin Manager Sam Mele would lose his job if he did not produce a winner in '65. When he left home for spring training, Sain remarked offhandedly, "Wouldn't it be funny if Mele became the Manager of the Year?" That season the Twins did win the American

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League pennant, and Sam Mele was voted Manager of the Year.

Despite both Mele's and Sam's success (Sam had produced his usual 20-game winner in Mudcat Grant, who said of him, "He sure puts biscuits in your pan"), the two men did not get along. Mele distrusted Sam and the power he held over his pitchers. Furthermore, he seldom agreed with Sam's unorthodox pitching concepts, and often the two men had a difference of opinion over the amount of running a pitcher should do, or how many days' rest he might need between starts. But beyond that, Sam felt he was never able to communicate deeply with Mele, that he never knew where he stood with him, which to a man like Sam was disconcerting. After signing a 1966 contract for \$25,000, Sam's difficulties with Mele grew until by mid-season they were irreconcilable. One day in a game in Kansas City, Billy Martin, then a Twin coach, berated one of Sam's pitchers over a squeeze play. Sam, furious, went to his man's defense. Mele, who was listening to the dispute told the two coaches to "knock it off." Later, thinking about the incident, Sam became increasingly upset. The following day he moved all his equipment and uniforms out of the coaches' locker room and deposited them in the players' locker room, where he dressed until the end of the season, when he was fired. Ever since then, whatever club he has worked for, Sam has dressed with the players.

When news of Sam's dismissal was made public, Jim Kaat, a 25-game winner that year, wrote an open letter to the Twins' front office that was published in area newspapers. The letter accused the Twins of making a terrible mistake in firing Sam, and it implied that the team's drop to second place that year rested with Mele's inability to communicate with his players, as well as with Sam.

Dave Boswell, a pitcher at Minnesota in 1966, was until very recently a seldom-used reliever for the Baltimore Orioles. A 20-game winner with the Twins, he subsequently damaged his arm so severely that he was given his unconditional release. He was packed up by the Orioles only on a gamble. "If Johnny Sam had any weakness as a pitching coach," says Boswell, "it was that he didn't understand hard throwers as much as he should. He never made us run wind sprints at Minnesota because he didn't believe in running. Some of the pitchers, me and Kaat in particular, didn't run 10 sprints all year, and we came up with sore arms. But that was our fault. I guess Johnny left it up to us to run on our own if we thought we needed it. He never pressured you to do anything. He didn't bother you a lot, but when he did, when he talked about pitching and the possibilities of a baseball, you could actually see them before your eyes. As a kid you put that

ball in your hand and you thought of it just as a ball. But after Sam put that ball in your hand you didn't see it the same anymore. It had possibilities you never dreamed of."

From 1967 to 1969 Johnny Sam coached under Mayo Smith at Detroit. In 1968 the Tigers won the American League pennant and the World Series. Mayo Smith was named Manager of the Year. Denny McLain became the first pitcher to win 30 or more games in one season since Dizzy Dean in 1934 and Mickey Lolich won three complete games in the World Series to become only the seventh man in history to accomplish that feat. Ironically, but predictably enough, Sam was close friends with Lolich and McLain, both of whom he had been warned were "real nuts," and duly he grew more estranged from Mayo Smith, who, he had been told, was "a real gentleman."

"McLain and Lolich both wanted to improve themselves," says Sam, "and that's all I need in a man. Both were very individualistic, and I like that. McLain may have been a little loose off the mound but on it he was all business. And he's got guts. Both he and Lolich. You know that Lolich rides those motorcycles of his, and McLain's got a pilot's license. If McLain was flying an airplane and it died on him you could bet money he'd still be fighting it when it hit the ground."

"It was Mayo I had problems with. He's a fine guy like everybody told me, and I only really disagreed with him once. But still we never got along. When I came to Detroit I had a reputation behind me, and he was relatively unknown and trying to make a name for himself. Every day sports-writers would seek me out for an interview. They were always asking me questions like why didn't I become a manager, which I could never be, and all the time Mayo was hitting that press room trying to be real nice with reporters. Pretty soon I could sense there was friction between Mayo and me. I don't like friction. It lingers with me. It disturbs me if I have to be on my toes with someone, always afraid I might offend them. That's not what life is all about. Mayo had this ability to keep me uneasy all the time. He was so smooth. I never knew where I stood. I'd rather be declared

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IN THE 40s THEIR PITCHING WAS POETRY—SPAHN AND SAM AND PRAY FOR RAIN

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[illegible]

himself, cuss me out, so we could get things in the open. But he never did. He was always a real nice guy."

Mickey Lolich, the Tigers' 25-game winner in 1971, sits down for breakfast at New York's Hotel Roosevelt. He orders four scrambled eggs, four pieces of toast, bacon, a large orange juice and a pot of coffee. At 6 feet, 230 pounds, Lolich refers to himself as a fat man's athlete. "Fat guys need idols, too," he once said. Now, speaking quietly and occasionally glancing across to a nearby table where Manager Billy Martin is eating his breakfast, Lolich talks about Sain. "He made me a 20-game winner. Yet, he never taught me a single thing about pitching a baseball. Maybe that's because John's not a pitching coach, he's a headshrinker. Even when you learn from Sain, you never feel you've learned a thing from him. He lets you think you did it yourself. McLain wouldn't learn from anyone when he was with Detroit, so Johnny just taught him things without letting Denny know it. McLain used to sneak down to the bullpen like a little kid so he could practice what Sain had taught him without letting anyone know it. I'll bet to this day he'll swear he never learned a thing from Johnny. But every pitcher learns from John. Pitching takes on new shades and nuances. Sain loves pitchers. He doesn't maybe love baseball so much, but he loves pitchers. That's why he doesn't get along with the management. He believes pitchers are unique, and only he understands them."

In the spring of 1970, after the Tigers fired him, Sain was offered a job as minor league pitching coach with the California Angels. To the surprise of many, Sain accepted the position. He spent much of the 1970 season driving across the country, stopping at cities like El Paso, Salt Lake City and Idaho Falls, where he worked with youngsters who were light-years away from the Lolichs and McLains he had been accustomed to. Yet Sain cherishes that experience in which, in his own words, "I rediscovered the country. I had been having marriage problems, and I took that job to get away from things. I'd always thought that in baseball or in life you get to a point where you can relax, level off, but I found you can never rest. You always have the possibility of sink-

ing. This divorce action with my wife has made me stay young as I grow older. She's got six lawyers and she's determined to take my money, my kids and my reputation, and I'm just as determined not to let her. In her thirties she wanted to go back to college, so I encouraged her. But then she seemed to think she was better than me. We always seemed in competition. She said I was too easy, that I like to be kicked around by people.

"I was always an outsider. I was never anyone's glamour boy. I was always looking over my shoulder at some new Dizzy Dean who would make everyone forget me. People were waiting to drive a nail in my coffin. It's a human weakness to hope somebody fails. People are never the way you're taught they should be. We grow up with standards that we find aren't true. I used to believe if you were straight with people they would be straight with you. But they aren't. I hate for people to toy with me, to be superior, but I've got to give them the chance. I don't know why I'm always testing people, but I am. Maybe I'm just playing games with them. Maybe I'm fooling everyone."

Sain, wearing the light blue traveling uniform of the White Sox, stands with his arms folded behind Steve Kealey, who is working steadily off the pitchers' warmup mound at Fenway Park in Boston. Kealey sweats and grunts as he throws. He is 24 with red hair, freckles and the muscled, tapering build of a swimmer. While he sweats, Sain talks softly to him. Kealey does not acknowledge Sain's words, which are few, really only an occasional phrase, an exhortation, rarely a sentence.

"Heh, that had the beginnings," says Sain, "the beginnings." Kealey, impassive, continues to throw a curveball that is flat and does not break down as much as Sain would wish. "He'll get it soon enough," says Sain, speaking just loud enough for Kealey to hear. "It's only a matter of time."

It is mid-July and Kealey is 1-1 with an ERA of 4.35. He is a hard thrower with adequate control, but even he will be the first to admit he is far from being a finished pitcher. But he has confidence that wherever his potential might lie, Sain will unearth it. "He tells me things I never considered before," says Kealey. "They make sense when you

think about them, but who thinks of the things Johnny Sain does? John's whole life is teaching pitchers. It's like, by teaching us to get hitters out it proves he could have done it today, too. You know, his success lives on. This is the second year I've worked with him. When I was in spring training with the Angels I talked to him once. But the front office wouldn't let any big-leaguers talk to him. They told us to stay away from Sain."

After Kealey finishes throwing, Sain walks to the outfield where the rest of the Chicago pitchers are standing around, stirring themselves infrequently to retrieve a fly ball in a halfhearted lunge, but more often planted, spread-legged, like gray-flamed pelicans. Sain moves from pitcher to pitcher. He stands beside each one for a few moments, his arms folded across his chest, spitting tobacco juice into the still, sunny afternoon, passing the time in small talk that only occasionally drifts into, then out of, the subject of pitching.

Sain says very little about pitching to Wilbur Wood, the club's 29-year-old knuckleballer, because as Sain admits, "I don't know much about knuckleballs." Wood, a chunky, smiling man, is a nine-year veteran, a castoff of the Red Sox and the Pirates, both of which used him primarily as a relief pitcher. In 1970 as a reliever with the White Sox he was 9-13. The club's '71 brochure said that "some thought was being given to restoring him to a starting role on occasion." That thought belonged to Sain. Sain made one other suggestion to Wood, and it was that he pitch often with only two days' rest between starts. Sain felt that as a knuckleballer, Wood put less strain on his arm than did other pitchers with more orthodox stuff, and therefore he could absorb the extra work with ease. Wood started 42 games in 1971 and won 22 of them. He pitched 334 innings, the most of any White Sox pitcher since 1917 and second in the American League in 1971 to Mickey Lolich's 376 innings. Wood's ERA was 1.91, second in the league to Vida Blue's 1.82.

Sain also says very little to Vicente Romo, the club's 28-year-old, Mexican-born relief pitcher, but for a different reason. Romo, a smooth-skinned man who resembles an overweight bullfighter, is another Red Sox castoff. He possesses a windmill motion, similar to Luis Tiant's, that seems to deliver a thousand

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Even low handicap players hit their irons off the heel or toe more often than they connect with the sweet spot. That's life. So, back in 1967 we invented a way to turn miss-hits into great shots: Spalding Executive. The first clubs with heel and toe weighted irons.

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38.9% of the total clubhead weight in the heel / hosel area (does not include shaft)

Only 20.5% of the total clubhead weight is in the center

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QUESTOR
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different pitches from a thousand different angles. He speaks little English, and for this reason Sam finds it difficult to communicate with him as deeply as he wishes. With Romo he deals primarily with pitching mechanics. To speak to him in more personal terms would be to risk a misunderstanding, says Sam.

Sam talks a good deal with Joel Horlen, the club's 33-year-old veteran. Horlen, a small man with a preoccupied gaze, is at a crucial juncture in his career. He was once the ace of the Chicago staff, winning 19 games in 1967, but he has lost speed from both his fastball and his curve and has been losing. Sam is trying to help Horlen make that adjustment all pitchers must make in their mid-30s when the quality of their pitches deteriorates and they must increase their quantity. Sam is working with Horlen on a screwball that he hopes will prolong his career. "He doesn't say much to guys who are going good," says Horlen. "He's a funny guy. He seems to spend more time with guys who are having their problems. Like he always says, he waits for guys to hit bottom before he talks to them." After a 6-16 season in 1970, Horlen posted an 8-9 record in '71, his first year under Sam. (Horlen is now with the Athletics.)

Rich Hinton, a 24-year-old graduate of the University of Arizona, had pitched only five innings at this point of his career (he would be traded to the Yankees). Yet Johnny Sam calls him a terrific prospect if for no other reason than, "He looks at you real straight." Of Sam, Hinton says, "Working under John is the best break I could get. Every club he's been with has had a 20-game winner. The only problem is he's been with so many clubs that all the pitchers he's taught cut each other's throat. It's like telling everyone in a card game the same trick. Pretty soon they'll all use it and nobody benefits. What I like best about John, though, is that he never second-guesses you. He'll come out to the mound and say, 'Don't you worry, that was a helluva pitch. He never should have hit it.' Then he'll say, 'Now, this batter is a poor breaking-ball hitter, but you can throw him whatever you think best. You're the judge.' And when you get the guy out with a breaking ball, you believe it was your pitch, not his. You made that final decision. Johnny Sam lets you make the act of will."

END

Our old idea whose time has come

Down here in Kentucky, we've been making our Kentucky Tavern the same slow, careful way for the better part of a century. So it came as a pleasant surprise when our sales more than doubled the past two years.

Maybe Bourbon drinkers are hankering for a taste of the easy-going past. And at a fairly easy-going price. Whatever the reason, we're happy so many folks have discovered our fine Kentucky Tavern, the great Bourbon from the land of Bourbon.

Perhaps, when it comes to Bourbon, the old ideas are still the best.

**But success
hasn't gone to our price**

Nepal?" said a British shooting friend over lunch in Manhattan. "It's an amazing place, and you should try fishing mahseer with flies."

"What are they?"

"They run like salmon into the cold rivers that drain the Himalayas," he explained. "They come upstream from the Ganges in March and April."

"Will they really take flies?"

"Can't tell you. They catch them on small plugs and spinners and spoons in Burma and Kashmir—they'll probably take a saltwater bucktail fished fast."

"How big are these mahseer?" I asked.

"They're extremely strong fish," He filled his pipe. "The small ones run about 15 pounds."

"The small ones?"

"The Ganges' record bettered 120. You'd better use gear strong enough for a tarpon. Mahseer means tiger fish," my friend concluded.

Our venerable DC-3 waited on the apron an hour after daybreak. Flights leave early in Nepal, since the heat builds each morning until there are violent thermals that can drop a plane thousands of feet, or in seconds force it into a wild roller-

coster climb to extraordinary altitudes. The cool wind eddied across the airfield. The dogs sleeping under the wings were startled when the engines whined, coughed, stuttered, choked, and finally caught and roared.

We climbed in a slow circle above the earth-colored houses and pagodas of Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. The mountains looked lifeless until the sun reached them, first touching Himal Chuli and Annapurna and Machu Pichare, and then exploding into the glittering ice fields of Ganesh Himal as we climbed east along the peaks. The engineer came back wearing a Sikh turban above his white beard.

"Everest!" he shouted. "Everest coming!"

The plane shuddered and droned past the Himalayas and we stared like children at peaks that towered above us. Gauri Sankar reflected its snowfields in the rivet-patterns of the wing, and Cho Oyu towered above the pass at Changri-La. Clouds drifted across the terraced foothills. Fresh snow covered mountain ridges that layered steeply into ice fields below the summits. Peak after peak soared into the sun, until in the distance

beyond Kanchenjunga they disappeared into the mists of China.

"Sahib," the old engineer pointed. "Everest."

The glowering face of Everest loomed above a jumble of ice fields and glaciers, dark and brooding in the sun. Sherpa tribesmen who live at its foot watch the snow plumes trailing in its unseen winds, knowing its moods and calling it their Sagarmatha—the Mother of the Mountains.

The rain forest of the Terai is another world three hours west of Katmandu. The hot plain was a lacework of dry paddies waiting for the monsoon. Nepalgunj, our destination, was merely a dirt strip shimmering in the heat. The pilot made a low downwind pass, growling his engines to clear the sacred cattle, and we turned back to land. The engineer wrestled with a cargo hatch and we climbed down and stared into blinding heat and the faces of the natives.

There were tall Raji tribesmen, slender and almost naked in breechcloths and turbans. The terminal was a huge mango with several graceful Tharu women in its shade. They wore jewels in their noses and stood apart from the men,



regal and totally aloof. Two cows ambled back and lay down in the shade of the DC-3.

We started our land journey in jeeps, and it was six hours later that the trail left the last village and wound into the jungle. It was getting cooler and our clothes were covered with dust. Wild pigs scuttled past the jeeps, and at twilight we watched a huge python slide endlessly across the bullock track.

It was dark when the jungle ended and our jeeps worked down through the rocks. We could hear a river roaring ahead in the darkness when we stopped. "It's the Karnali," said Colonel Rama, my host. "We'll go upstream tomorrow."

The next morning after breakfast we collected our rifles and other gear for the trip upriver into the gorge. Three dug-outs of Raji boatmen waited on the beach below Chisapana. We loaded the mahogany canoes and the Rajis poled expertly upstream along the banks. Fish eagles circled lazily along the cliffs and otters splashed and played in the gathering currents that eddied along the rocks. Crocodiles slipped into the river.

"They come upstream to spawn, too."

Ernest Schwiebert

THE GOLDEN TIGER OF NEPAL

It was a breathtaking journey to find a strange fish in a faraway river, but getting back turned out to be even more breathtaking

by ERNEST SCHWIEBERT



ILLUSTRATION BY ERNEST SCHWIEBERT

said the colonel. "Exactly like the mahseer." His lieutenant pointed to a steep sandbar that rose between the boulders and cliffs. There were scuffed tracks and a huge serpentine scar in the smooth river-sculptured sand.

"That was a crocodile?" I asked.

The lieutenant nodded. "It probably laid its eggs there this morning."

Farther on, river bitterns fished among the rocks. Parakeets and flocks of myna birds chattered in the trees, and hundreds of quarreling monkeys busied themselves in the vines of a sunny ravine.

"What are mahseer like?" I asked.

Colonel Rana smiled. "There are several kinds," he said. "These Karnali fish are mostly golden, but we catch the odd black mahseer—and they're the real tiger fish."

The river warden nodded. "But with these currents they're all strong in the Karnali."

"How do you fish them?" I asked.

"Mahseer will eat almost anything," said the river warden. "But fish, insects, mussels, seeds, berries, birds, worms, bread—they'll take anything that moves."

"Minnows and shellfish mostly," added the colonel.

"They crush the shellfish in their throats," explained the lieutenant. "When they're hooked deep, their shell-crackers can smash a spoon or treble hook like a vice."

The warden passed me his tackle box. "These are the plugs and lures I use," he said, "but these big spinners are the best."

He handed me a huge handmade lure; its two-inch blade was hammered from copper and polished on rock, its clevises were twisted from heavy brass wire, its shaft was strung with coarse ruby-colored stones, and it hung with a salt-water treble hook.

"They can crush those hooks?"

The warden nodded. "They're made for me by an old man in Katmandu," he explained. "We get the hooks from England."

"Are mahseer only found in the Ganges watershed?" I asked.

"No," said the colonel, "they're in Pakistan and Burma as well, but the best fishing is probably in Kashmir, and here in this Karnali gorge to its junction with the Bhen."

"The spawning runs come upstream like salmon," said the warden, "about five to seven days apart."

"They are a little like salmon," agreed the colonel. "They like the cold water that comes down from the Himalayas—and a spate of discolored water means poor sport."

The current was swifter now, murmuring and sucking at the rocky walls of the gorge, and we reached the bottom of the rapids just before noon. The Rapi boatmen beached our dugouts where springs trickled into the river through beds of moss and ferns, and quickly built reed shelters to protect us from the sun.

"It's getting hot," I said.

Colonel Rana smiled. "We're used to

This article is excerpted from a book, *Reminiscences of Rivers Past*, published by The Macmillan Company.

the heat," he said. "It warms the river and starts the fishing."

"Yes," said the river warden, "the mahseer should start chasing fatfish in a few minutes."

"Look," said the lieutenant, pointing.

There was a huge splash and tiny silver minnows skittered in terror. The swift current tumbled a mile down the rapids and turned into the gorge. The water churned and heaved against the cliffs, slowing in a long chest-deep run along the rocky bar below. Huge half-drowned trees were piled across the river. The mahseer were slashing everywhere in the shallows, scattering fatfish ahead of their jaws.

We hastily assembled our tackle. The warden mounted a huge saltwater spinning reel on his rod, his son put up a stiff bait rod, and I strung a salmon fly rod with 300 yards of 30-pound backing on the reel. The Rapis squatted in the river among the rocks to keep cool, watching and seining tiny minnows with fine-mesh nets that looked perfect for butterflies.

"Good luck!" said the warden.

His big spinner looped out across the current, its blade glittering in the sun. It splashed heavily and started to swing across the current. Suddenly the rod dipped.

"Mahseer!" he yelled. "Mahseer!"

The Rapi boatmen watched impassively, except for a small grinning boy in a red turban. Line burned off against the clutch and six times the mahseer jumped like a tarpon, somersaulting clumsily until it landed in a massive splash. It was a long fight, but finally the fish thrashed on the surface and was wrestled ashore. Its sleek length was sheathed in silvery scales, half bonefish and half tarpon. Its muscled huck was golden brown, faintly lined like a striped bass, with pale yellow fins. The huge spinner was crushed in its throat, almost as if it had been flattened on an anvil. The fish weighed perhaps 25 pounds.

"It's about average," said the colonel, "but wait till we hook a really big mahseer in that current."

Mahseer were still rolling and splashing at fatfish in the shallows. The minnows seized by the boatmen were silvery little sardines with pale amber backs, and I picked a big mylar marabou with a mixture of white and pale brown feathers. It was tied with silver mylar flanks along its wings. I clinked it onto the heavy nylon leader, and then worked out line as two big fish rolled within range.

"Anything you catch will be the fly record in Nepal," said the colonel. "Make it good."

There was a quick tug and a small fish skipped in across the current, impaled on my huge marabou. "Six inches," laughed the warden. "It's a Karnali fly-fishing record."

We released the little mahseer and I teased the fly back through its full-grown relatives, boiling and chasing minnows in the current. There was a pesky six-pounder that danced across the rapids for 20 minutes before it surrendered, and finally there was a giant swirl behind the fly and a huge maw worked shut across its feathers. The rod doubled into a circle and the reel protested.

The fight lasted less than 60 seconds. The heavy mahseer catapulted into the air and the reel rasped and clattered and its gear system fell apart. The rod worked wildly until I wrapped my arm in the line, pointed the tip at the fish, and waited until the heavy leader snapped.

The fish stopped feeding as suddenly as they had started. The walls of the gorge held the heat and reflected it like

continued



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an oven. We ate briefly and drank some beer chilled in the river and then we huddled in the shade of the rocks until the sun passed.

Later we crossed the river and rested while the boatmen carried our gear high above the current. Our camp was on the shoulder of the gorge, a hundred feet above the Karnali rapids. The water rises as much as 50 feet in monsoon season, its pale scour-line obvious on the sandstone cliffs below our encampment.

Jumli tribesmen passed along the trail above our campsite, trekking back into the foothills from Sitapur with trade goods and salt. Their women carried huge bundles on their heads, and the porters effortlessly balanced as much as 200 pounds on poles across their shoulders. They climbed slowly without stopping to rest, using the cadence of a singsong melody that drifted down through the bamboo.

Our three Sherpa cooks organized our camp while we settled into our tents and huge flocks of chattering myna birds settled in the poplars.

"Maybe a swim, now?" suggested the lieutenant.

We selected a short-barreled Mauser rifle and climbed into a deep ravine below camp. The trail crossed the ravine on a slender three-log bridge. Eighty feet below in the shadows, a stream flowed—still and swimming-pool green. Its bottom was bedrock and pebbles. The lieutenant jacked a cartridge into the rifle chamber and checked the pool for cobras. There were none, only a few big lizards clinging to its mossy walls.

Tiny batfish nibbled at our toes. "Mahseer," said the lieutenant. "Those are baby mahseer."

The stream was surprisingly cold. The temperature was more than a 100° in our camp and in the river gorge below, but the dark ravine cooled and refreshed us. The narrow pool was about 10 feet in the deepest place, and 10 to 20 feet wide. It was long enough for several lay strokes, and we played like dolphins until we heard voices. Several Jumli porters and their women had stopped high on the three-log bridge. They were chattering like parrots and pointing down into the ravine.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

The lieutenant treaded water and grinned. "You're the matter," he said. "They're talking about you."

"Why me?" I said.

He backstroked into the shallows. "They heard you were an American," he said. "You're the first American these people have ever seen."

That evening I hooked and lost a wild 20-pounder in the gorge when it sliced my nylon on a rock and took off with my marabou. Just as the fish passed behind the rock, the district warden hooked another. His heavy line melted off the spinning reel and he frantically screwed down the drag. The huge mahseer did not slow at all. It jumped twice far down the gorge and wallowed across the rapids. The warden was helpless. The fish forced him downstream from rock to rock. He followed through the chest-deep shallows to the last gravel bar before the walls of the gorge dropped straight into the heavy current. The big mahseer jumped and jumped again in the rapids, threatening to snap the rod. The warden retreated to the gravel shoal below the cliffs and waded out shoulder deep into the current, raising the lashing rod high above his head. The mahseer raked the heavy nylon against an underwater ledge and the rod snapped back. The warden waded ashore.

"It looked huge," I said.

"About 60 pounds," said the warden unhappily. "We stopped a 40-pounder here last week."

It was cooler coming back up the trail from the gorge. We wound high into the mahogany trees and rhododendron thickets, and passed several bearers carrying a wild goat and a large burden wrapped in jute. The jute was dripping and encrusted with sawdust.

"Ice," explained the colonel. "The tiger camp got a bullock cart of fruit from Lucknow today, and the shikaris have sent us some of the ice for our drinks."

"Thank God," I sighed. "Camp meat?"

"It's a young goral from the gorge," he answered. "You'll like the way the Sherpas cook it."

"Is there any beer left?"

There was still one can of Tuborg. We chipped the Lucknow ice into a huge brass water jar, layering it carefully around the precious, single can of beer.

The bearers and boatmen gathered

around the cook tents to collect their wages in camp meat and flour. They squatted almost naked in the darkness, smoking gale in straight clay pipes cupped in their hands. They inhaled between their thumbs, like boys making leaf whistles, and held the smoke lazily in their lungs. They passed the pipes among them, and the sweet marijuana-like odor drifted through our camp, mixed with the smells of cooking meat and fresh biscuits. When the can of Tuborg was chilled I punctured it with shavers of anticipation. There are times in the jungle dry season when the canteen water gets almost warm enough for shaving, and perspiration evaporates so quickly it never collects on your skin.

I rolled the cold beer across my tongue like a fine Chablis. "It's perfect," I sighed. "It's the first time I haven't been thirsty since Katmandu."

Supper was superb. The colonel worked with his Sherpa cooks, rolling dough with a length of bamboo on a board surface hacked from a mahogany log. The Sherpas sliced the goat tenderloins partially through and sprinkled pepper, crushed bay leaves and curry into the diced meat. The colonel chopped and rolled the richly spiced goat inside tiny meat pies, which were baked in the reflected heat of a huge boulder, and the Sherpas carried them bubbling hot to our open dining fire. Roast wild chicken and peacock followed as the Sherpas served us to the music of the Karnali rapids below camp.

The storm hit while I was still half awake in my sleeping bag. It sounded like a freight train coming down the gorge.

The first gust of wind sliced open the tent like an envelope. Then suddenly the wind stopped and the valley hushed, with only the sound of the river filling the camp. Lightning flashed, and then the freight-train roaring came again in the dark. It grew and grew until we were engulfed in a maelstrom of ochre dust and wind.

"Dry storm!" yelled the colonel.

We worked out through the tattered canvas and scattered clothing and ran into the open meadow above the tents. Lightning flashed yellow and orange pyrotechnic explosions through the blinding dust. Debris and leaves were whipped through camp. Our throats and nostrils

continued

see us in court



P.R.

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GOLDEN TIGER restaurant

were filled with dust. We recovered our cameras and rifles and my expensive Leonard split-cane rod, and huddled half naked in the darkness. The wind lashed through the jungle above us and huge trees came crashing down. Suddenly the wind dropped again. Debris settled through the trees like confetti and lightning flickered.

"It may not be finished," warned the colonel.

The wind struck again, like a hurricane once the eye has passed, hitting the poplars around our camp with a terrible force. Lightning flashed orange through the dust and pebbles rattled across the tents. We crouched and leaned into the gusts, shielding our eyes and nostrils, while the trees whipped wildly. Somehow, they survived the impact, while the pieces of our tent flapped like a specter in the lightning. The tent took off suddenly and went tumbling into the darkness.

Our Sherpas were struggling to secure their huge army tent, cutting additional bamboo poles and driving extra stakes. They worked furiously all through the storm, running back and forth through the debris, and the cook tent held. The colonel supervised the staking of canvas flies over what was left of our fallen tents, while we stood shivering in the wind. Big clumsy drops of rain started to fall through the trees.

"Don't worry," the colonel yelled. "I've never seen a storm like this—but don't worry!"

Trees were still toppling high on the jungle ridge, and lightning struck the precipice across the gorge, tumbling a huge mahogany a hundred feet into the river. It finally began to pour.

"It's the beginning of the monsoon," said the colonel. "We'll have to leave in the morning while we can still travel the river and ferry the jeeps across at Chisapani."

We moved downstream on the swelling flood current just at daylight, our dugouts sliding along under the cliffs, riding the sucking chocolate-colored river. The Rajas paddled silently and raised their ragged sails as the sun touched the high shoulder of the gorge and triggered the chattering of a thousand monkeys and birds. The colonel pussed me boiled eggs, orange juice and canned canvas for breakfast.

"We always go first class," he smiled.

We reached Chisapani that afternoon. The boatmen lashed their dugouts together into rafts and ferried the jeeps across. The river was rising quickly as we got the last vehicle over and we made our final camp in the trees below the gorge. There was a farewell supper of cold peacock, chital and wild boar, with each cook in his pride competing to prepare his tribal dishes for us, and it was dark when we finally slept. It was still dark when the colonel moved among the tents next morning, waking the porters and drivers. "There's another storm coming," he said. "It will break in about an hour and it could make the trails impassable."

"Could we get out then?" I asked.

"Downriver with the Rajas' boatmen into India," he said, "but that way could take weeks."

The storm gathered over the foothills, blackening the sky while we loaded the jeeps and started into the jungle. Wind and rain broke across Chisapani, dropping trees and erasing the foothills behind us. We ran ahead of the storm, fording the shallow streams with protesting engines and spinning wheels. Our jeeps made it past the steep banks of the half-dry Gogra before the rains filled its channels, and we finally stopped in the marketplace at Manapur while the storm passed behind, its ink-colored clouds churning over the jungle.

"We just missed a boat trip to India," I said.

We stopped for lunch under a mango tree two miles below the Nepal/India airstrip. The colonel drove ahead to check the plane from Katmandu.

That night we walked the empty streets of Katmandu, talking about the jungle storms. We crossed the darkened squares and passed among the ancient pagodas, where a band of street musicians was leaving a wedding party. We stopped and watched them pass through the domed stupas and terraced shrines and courtyards of silent granite bells. The high ching-chang of their cymbals rose above the shrill counterpoint of their flutes, and when they were gone, their music lingered hauntingly. The temple dogs put their heads back down and dozed, and it seemed that we had only imagined the musicians, and their music, and the mah-wier.

END

Opel Rallye: "Uncommonly well engineered for its price."

—Car & Driver magazine

Reasons.

When CAR AND DRIVER compared the Opel 1900 Rallye against five other "super coupes", they found some nice things about the way it's put together. A 1.9 liter engine, for example, built with hydraulic valve lifters and automatic exhaust valve rotators. Power front disc brakes. Rack and pinion steering. A link type front stabilizer. An extremely well designed suspension. "It's German," they said of the Opel 1900 Rallye, "in the same way that Porsches and BMW's are German." And if you've driven small cars much, you know exactly what that means.

What's a super coupe?

According to CAR AND DRIVER, a super coupe is a small car that performs very much like a sports car while, at the same time, being more comfortable and less costly. "They are light and compact and nimble. They don't need power seats or power steering...all they require is a driver." That doesn't mean our Rallye will out-perform a high-priced sports car. But it will give you a lot of great roadability for a little price. Couldn't you use a car like that?

Their test.

In their December, 1971, issue, CAR AND DRIVER tested the Opel Rallye against five competitive cars, both foreign and

domestic. (We'd tell you which other cars they were, but it's not gentlemanly, so we'll let you find out at your Buick Opel dealer's.) They compared all the cars for equipment, handling, performance, comfort, quietness, visibility, steering effort and economy. And they rated the Opel Rallye best overall. "Given our choice of any super coupe between the Atlantic and the Pacific," they concluded, "we'd take the Opel Rallye."

Your test.

Now that you know we've got the things CAR AND DRIVER likes to find in a small car, it's time for you to make sure we've got what you'd like to find. It might help if you start by knowing that the 1972 Opels have some of the lowest prices of any cars in the country. It might help if you know that we have the largest dealer service network of any imported car in the country (over 2200 Buick Opel dealers). It would definitely help if you'd visit your nearest Buick Opel dealer for a test drive and see for yourself how uncommon the 1972 Opels really are.



Opel 1900 Rallye

Buick's Opel.

Still a small price.
Still a big value.



PEOPLE



"Trust me, darling. I love you," cooed **Cornelia Wallace** to her husband, Alabama Governor **George Wallace**, as she pressed the accelerator and picked up speed in the 1972 Olds she was driving. Watching the speedometer edge toward the 90-mph mark, Wallace said nervously, "That don't mean the thing couldn't get out of control." But Cornelia drove them flawlessly around the Indianapolis Motor Speedway last week during a primary campaign stop in Indiana. Despite his apprehensions, the governor seemed pleased as he stepped out of the car after the run, remarking, "I think I guided Cornelia through her paces very well."

• John Bull would have been proud **Richard Cawshaw**, a Labor Member of Parliament from Liverpool, has broken the world nonstop walking record, stepping his way smartly around Amree racecourse for 76 hours, 21 minutes and covering a huffon-busting 255.84 miles. The marathon stroll raised £3,000 for charity. For that the right

honorahle gentleman certainly deserved some assistance, like this egg-and-stink concoction, as he strode stolidly through the night.

Lamar Hunt, the wealthy owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, is having landlord problems. The chief *de jure* Chiefs is building himself a sort of wigwam away from home in the new Arrowhead Stadium—a sales suite, with four bedrooms, four baths, a sauna, kitchen, game room and bar. Even though Hunt is paying the bills, and the list of guests whom Hunt plans to have around includes the **Rev. Billy Graham**, Jackson County officials are somewhat displeased with the construction, apparently on the grounds of overconspicuous consumption. "This might be reasonable in Texas," observed Jackson County Judge **Joe Bolger Jr.**, "but not in Missouri."

Things like this never happened to **Howard Hughes** when he was living in Las Vegas. **George Adams**, a gold-medal winner in the world water skiing championship last year, decided the other day to try and get a peek into Hughes' suite on the top floors of Vancouver's Bayshore Inn. Adams harnessed himself to a huge Dacron kite and had himself towed across the harbor to within 500 yards of the Bayshore. When he reached escape velocity of about 25 mph he rose into the air and was cruising along at penthouse height as he panned the Hughes windows. Naturally, the curtains were drawn.

Salesman **Gregory G. Kirishian** of Chicago was having a drink the other night at a bar frequented by Bears Quarterback **Jack Concannon**. Kirishian apparently got too close to the nerve with

some comments about Concannon's future in pro football. At that, somebody knocked Kirishian down and stomped on him, cutting his lip and lacerating his dignity. Kirishian says it was Concannon, and has signed a complaint charging him with battery. Concannon accuses Kirishian of disorderly conduct. Nobody is accusing anybody of good sense.

Looks like a tough year ahead for the rookies on the bowling tour. The National Bowling Council announced last month that it had named **George Allen**, the geriatrically inclined head coach of the Washington Redskins, as one of its 1972 consultants. He's probably trying to talk **Andy Varipapa** out of retirement right now.

Perhaps spurred by the example of U.S. baseball players, Spain's bullfighters have threatened to go on strike. They aren't complaining about low salaries, but high taxes; **El Cordobés**, for one, owes the government \$1.5 million in back taxes. If the government cannot reduce its tax rate, say the *toreros*, then it should permit more generous deductions for such expenses as

under-the-table payoffs to newspaper bullfight critics.

During a break in the NBA playoffs, TV commentator and former Celtic **Bill Russell** stepped into a Milwaukee coffee shop where he was approached by a gray-haired lady who inquired if he was **Wilt Chamberlain**. Russell said he wasn't. "Oh, dear me," she replied. "I do hope you consider it a compliment being mistaken for him." Said Russell, "I don't."

♦ Author-sportscaster-pitcher **Jim Bouton** told his bosses at ABC recently that he wanted a leave of absence to run as a delegate for Senator **George McGovern** in the New Jersey primary campaign. But last week he showed up in Pittsfield, Mass., in the uniform of the Pittsfield Rangers of the Eastern League, attempting what he said was a serious comeback as a hurler. By week's end, however, Ranger Owner **Pat McKernan** said he had no intention of signing him to a contract. Bouton took it all philosophically. In any case, he said, "My wife wanted to see the Berkshires."



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This is baseball's spring of streaks. If you don't have one, you're out of it. The Houston Astros win nine games in a row, the Chicago Cubs lose eight. Jim Faurey of the Montreal Expos comes up three times late in games and produces the game-winning hit on each appearance. The Boston Red Sox finish the week with a remarkable record: times at bat, 320; home runs, none. Charlie Finley and Vida Blue hit 0 for 78 in conferences. And, of course, just as all the Minnesota Twin fans in Bigfork and Minnetonka have bragged he would, Bobby Darwin leads the American League in home runs (five) and runs batted in (15), hits safely in all the Twin games (11) and has a .439 batting average.

In most parts of the country people believe that the home-run leader in the American League has to be named Frank Howard, Carl Yastrzemski, Reggie Jackson, Richie Dick Allen, Boog Powell or Harmon Clayton Killebrew Jr. Suddenly it is Bobby Darwin, a 29-year-old rookie centerfielder, and he is plunging headline writers into deep water: DARWIN GOES APE; DARWIN'S EVOLUTION; DARWIN GIVES HIS THEORIES.

Darwin's fast start put the Twins in first place in the American League West—not bad for the fifth-place finisher last season—but Darwin's is not the only Minnesota evolution. The Twins are baseball's most changed team, having started the season with 12 players who were not with the club on Opening Day last year. And they have gotten going with a rush despite the absence of Tony Oliva, the league's best hitter, who is slowly recovering from a knee injury. The Twins pitch. They run. They catch balls in their gloves for the first time in years. Their bullpen can stop the enemy. And when the Twins are not performing these wonders they watch Bobby Darwin and marvel at what he has at last accomplished.

By the week's end Darwin had played in four stadiums this season and hit a homer in each. In Oakland he reached the seats in the upper deck, some 460 feet from the plate, and at Yankee Stadium he launched one of Mel Stottlemyre's breaking pitches 450 feet to win the game. "It's an amazing thing," says Bob Rodgers, Minnesota's bullpen coach, "but every time he comes up, all action in the pen ceases. They want to watch Bobby hit."

Darwin's home runs look like Killebrew's. When Harmon homers, the ball tends to rise high and hang in the air for a long period of time before falling on someone's head in the bleachers.

Merely a matter of evolution

Minnesota comes up with a Darwin to embellish its changing world

When Harmon hits a good one—"gets it all," as the players say—he comes out of the batter's box slowly and turns his head to the left to watch it go. He seems to take a quiet joy in his homers, as he should. Of the 515 he hit prior to the start of this season, 103 were game winners. Some were only 340 feet, but others went 518 on the meter.

Before Darwin, however, Killebrew's summers were often measured out in bases on balls. Over the last three seasons he drove home 372 runs and was walked 387 times. Pitchers worked around him rather than let him tear a game apart. Although he is no speedball, in his good seasons he will score 100 runs if the man hitting behind him is effective.

So far Darwin has been very effective, a fact all the more curious because he has made the rare transition from pitcher to hitter. Most switches in major league baseball are from hitter to pitcher. The vice versa are few but sometimes interesting: the Babe Ruths, Stan Musials, Johnny Lindells.

The Los Angeles Angels signed Darwin to a \$40,000 bonus as a pitcher back in 1962 and thought enough of his 11-6 record at San Jose to bring him to the majors at the age of 19. He pitched three innings, suffered a loss and had an earned run average of 12.00. This revealing experience was followed by a short stay in Hawaii, and then down, down, down to Stockton, Calif. and Elmira, N.Y. By 1970 Darwin's minor league pitching record was 42-50, and his batting average was .231. Some now say that they knew all the time Darwin would make a fine home-run hitter because he had such a powerful hitting stroke. But during



Bobby Darwin slams a Stottlemyre pitch for game-winning homer against New York

—Rick Lipton

eight seasons in the minors it produced exactly six homers and 28 RBIs.

In the spring of 1970 Darwin, by then the property of the Los Angeles Dodgers, decided to try to make it as a hitter. Los Angeles farmed him out to Bakersfield of the California League, one of the bottom rungs on the minor league ladder. Despite striking out 127 times in 303 times at bat, he hit 23 homers and averaged .297. That winter he played at Hermosillo, Mexico where his manager was Maury Willis, a man who had spent nine years in the minors himself before getting to the big leagues. Willis encouraged Darwin. He told him that he had to learn more about the strike zone and be more selective about which pitches could be hit for homers, which for singles. "I knew that Bobby had the dedication," Maury says, "but when you play winter ball you tend to think at times that nobody is watching you and nobody really cares what you are doing. It is very easy to get down on yourself. Bobby didn't do that."

Darwin returned to the Mexican Pacific Coast League last winter and led in homers with 27, and bunts were flying off his bat like jumping beans. The transition was now starting to interest people, the lights in the Mexican league being such that if the bulb burns out the game is off. Bobby's good performances at Hermosillo and at Bakersfield resulted in his elevation to the 40-man Los Angeles spring roster. He went to Vero Beach and led the team with a .488 exhibition-game batting average. At the time Los Angeles had a complete stock of outfielders: Willie Davis, Willie Crawford, Manny Mota, Richie Allen, Bill Buckner, Von Joshua, Bill Russell. There was no room for Bobby Darwin, and he was dispatched to Spokane, where he reduced his strikeouts from about one in every two at bats to one in four. He hit 17 homers and had a .293 average. The Dodgers brought him up toward the end of the season, and he got five major league hits in 20 at bats. One was a homer. Then, in October, Minnesota traded for him.

The Twins slipped uniform No. 53 on Darwin's back, and the kids around Tinker Field in Orlando, Fla., where the team trained, would holler, "Hey, 53, how about signing an autograph?" Last week, whenever he came out of the dug-out, now wearing No. 2, the autograph seekers would plead, "Oh, Mr. Darwin, please." From "Hey 53" to "Mr. Darwin, please," is how you measure fame.

The hardest thing for Darwin to do these days is go through the same interview over and over again. How did you change? Why did you change? Are you real? You know this game is not supposed to be this easy? Darwin answers the questions, smiles and rubs the barrels of new bats with a bone to harden them, something last seen in a major league clubhouse in Ty Cobb's era. Following three waves of interviewers last Friday night in the visitors' clubhouse at Yankee Stadium, he seemed startled at the attention he was drawing. What, he was asked, did he enjoy most about all this? He said, "Maybe the thing I like the best is seeing the ball go over some outfielder's head and into the stands. I enjoy seeing the pitcher drop his head in disgust. Remember, it used to be my head dropping, my pitches being hit out of ball parks."

THE WEEK

by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST Bobby Murcer of New York read the orders of the day to the Corps of Cadets before an exhibition at West Point. When he came to the final order, which read "Beat the Yankees," he substituted "Beat the Cadets." But the text summarized New York's week. The Yankees did beat Army, yet they could manage only one win that counted, over Oakland. When Minnesota came to town, Murcer himself cost the Yanks a game by turning around twice on a drive by Harmon Killebrew. It fell behind him for a triple, scoring two Twins. Baltimore was still counting on a record fourth straight 100-win season, despite eight games lost to the sink, when everything fell apart. The Orioles completed a road trip against that murderer's row, Cleveland and Kansas City, with a 1-4 record. Manager Earl Weaver, who had implied that his club was all but unbeatable, covered his retreat with a morning workout after a 3:30 a.m. arrival in Baltimore. Then the Orioles beat the Angels 12-2, equaling their run total on the road, in their snapped Texas four-game and Chicago's seven-game winning streaks, fashioning a four-game string of its own and moving into first. Tiger Manager Billy Martin found a starting pitcher in Tom Timmerman, who allowed just five hits in two starts. Overweight Mickey Lolich knew the difference between winning and losing: "If I'm winning, I'm roly-poly or chubby. If I'm losing, I'm fat or sloppy." He was winning, and a Detroit paper called him an

"jumble ace." Cleveland Manager Ken Aspromonte called his team's three-game losing string a "test of character," after which Milt Wilcox beat Kansas City on four hits. Boston still had not hit a home run as the bats of sluggers Tommy Harper (.156), Rico Petrocelli (.147) and Carl Yastrzemski (.121) swished aimlessly. But last-place Milwaukee had the three worst hitters in Rick Auerbach (.063), George Scott (.065) and Dave May (.067).

DET 7-3 BAL 7-5 CLE 3-6
NY 5-7 BOS 3-7 MIL 3-7

AL WEST Some strange things were happening in Arlington Stadium. Manager Ted Williams found the glare of the lights too bright. One night the organist took sick, a recording wouldn't play, and the national anthem had to be canceled. And who could figure Centerfielder Joe Lonzo, who calmly blew bubbles despite a .130 batting average? But the real mystery was the tenant Texas club, unbeaten in four home games. All the victories were over California. Could the Rangers beat any other team? The Tigers came to town and swept two. Cynics chuckled. Ah, but then Boston arrived and lost 9-6, 7-6. "And that crowd enthusiasm is something else," said Williams. "Really good. We are getting those bleacher fans worked up. That's a good sign." They gave Ted Ford a standing ovation when he socked a three-run homer in the first game and Catcher Ken Suarez one when he drove home the winning run in the ninth to take the second. Chicago's Wilbur Wood had allowed one run in 36 innings and started twice with only two days' rest. With five starts in 12 games, he was threatening the league record of 54 set by Jack Chesbro of the Yankees in 1904. His hopes for 30 wins, however, were set backward when the Tigers knocked out the knuckleballer after 23½ innings. Rolfe Fingers had a win and a save, and Ken Holtzman beat the Brewers 2-1 in five hits as Oakland's pitching held up. Manager Dick Williams held up too, in a manner of speaking. While he slept in a New York hotel room, a hanger entered and took Williams' credit cards. Williams spent the day defusing them. Then the Yankees spent the evening bombing Denny McLean. Kansas City lost six in a row without Shortstop Fred Patek, but when the majors' smallest (5' 4") player returned after a groin injury, he hit .400 and the Royals took three straight. The only team in the division with a losing record for the week was California, which needed Pitcher Clyde Wright's two-run double to beat Milwaukee 4-1. The supposedly weak West Division was 38-28 for the season, and the "strong" East 27-35.

MINN 7-2 OAK 7-3 CHI 7-5
TEX 7-6 KC 6-7 CAL 4-6

continue



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NL EAST

NL EAST NEW YORK won seven games in a row, prompting immediate if premature comparisons with the 1969 championship team. "This is the best start I've ever had and this best Met team of all," said Pitcher Tom Seaver, who had allowed but one run in 24 innings. There was unexpected power as Manager Yogi Berra stayed with the same lineup for six games: Jim Fregosi and Tommie Agee each hit two homers, and Rusty Staub, Cleon Jones and Jerry Grote one apiece. For once there was pinching depth, too, as rookie Jon Matlack on twice and another rookie, Buzz Capra, once. The streak ended when Jerry Koosman gave up five first-inning hits, including two homers, to the Dodgers 5-1. LOS ANGELES sent Scipio Spinks against unbeaten MORTAL. Spinks won the distance and won 6-1 with a five-hitter. The Expos, however, won three of six to tie the Mets for first. Jim Furey won his third game with his third hit, and Mike Marshall got his second win and Mike Sava got PHILADELPHIA'S Steve Carlton one-hit the Giants to add Juan Marchal to his list of slain Goliaths. He had also bested Bob Gibson and Ferguson Jenkins this year. As the

Phillies won four of six. Manager Frank Lucchesi wondered, "What is this, April? It feels more like late August and I'm fighting for the pennant." PITTSBURGH needed a 13th-inning home run by Richie Hebner to get its only win. No Pirate pitcher had yet finished a game, and the fielding and base running were shoddy. Leo Durocher returned from his sabbatical to manage the Cubs, but CHICAGO lost five games by a run apiece. It was enough to make Leo sick again.

MONT 2-3 NY 2-3 PHIL 7-2
PITT 2-2 ST. L. 2-2 CHI 2-0

NL WEST

NL WEST SAN DIEGO WASN'T playing that badly—4-7, with three one-run losses—but when a losing team keeps losing something has to go. Oh, there were tears in Club President Buzzie Bassari's eyes when he fired Manager Preston Gomez, but business is business. "It was easier to let Preston go than get rid of 25 players," Bassari explained. Don Zimmer, who played for the old Mets, took the job and was victimized by the new Mets. In one run, of course. Next to leave San Diego may be major leagu-

baseball. Now that Candlestick Park is fully encircled, the outfit is carrying balls to left field instead of right. This worked out fine for SAN FRANCISCO'S Dave Kingman, who had six homers, but the Giants pitchers lost five of six games, giving up over six runs per contest. The relief pitching, including 1971 sensation Jerry Johnson, was especially spotty. The Cardinals broke Houston's nine-game streak and Atlanta's three straight, but both teams moved closer to the lead. The Braves, powered by Hank Aaron's three homers and Rico Carty's league-leading .464 hitting, overcame their pitching for a change. The Astros' Jim Raus, largely unnoticed despite his 2.11 ERA last year, won twice and saved once. Weak-hitting Manny Wallis was benched for one of the few times in his 14-year career, but two homers by Willie Crawford and Tommy John's complete game kept the Dodgers on top. CINCINNATI's Joe Morgan took second and third and scored on Ted Uhlender's single to beat Pittsburgh. "I can stand anytime I want to," said Morgan.

A 10-4 HOUSS 5-4 ATL 5-5
CIN 5-7 SD 5-9
SE 5-8

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No matter why you buy the Gremlin X, though, your biggest joy in owning it will come on the day you can take it out for a drive and play King of the Road.

Optional





Slammed around on a point of order

I shudder when someone in a "sociable" bridge game says, "Oh, we aren't that technical." It sounds especially friendly and sportsmanlike after another player has pointed out an infraction of the rules calling for a penalty. But eventually the question is bound to arise: Which rules do we decide to enforce? The ensuing argument can be bitter. As in any game, the first law must be: state the rules clearly, then allow no infractions. Play it by the book—without exception.

I was reminded of this fundamental last fall by an incident that occurred during the U.S. Open Tennis Championships. Alan Messer, a bridge player of considerable note and one of the line judges at Forest Hills, called two foot faults on fiery Pancho Gonzalez during the men's singles. Fortunately, the play was outdoors or Pancho would have gone through the roof. Not only did he have a rep-

utation for never footfaulting, but Messer had made these calls from the center-service line, not from the baseline where most such breaches are observed.

In fact, Pancho was not stepping over the baseline. Instead, Messer ruled, Gonzalez twice put his right foot across the imaginary center line while serving from left to right. Pancho insisted that Messer be removed, and it was only after Vic Sersas, the tournament referee, had discussed the situation first with the umpire, then with Pancho and finally with Messer that the ruling was upheld and Gonzalez was persuaded to continue. However unintentional, it was a foot fault and it might have given the offender an advantage, which is what all game rules are intended to prevent.

When I discussed it with him afterward, Messer cited a comparable example in bridge that may surprise even the expert who thinks he knows the rules. It concerns the one law that is almost universally enforced, the revoke. In part, this law provides that "a revoke on the 12th trick never becomes established," and, from this, the legend has grown that, although a 12th-trick revoke must be corrected, there is no penalty for it. There is, nonetheless, a penalty in certain cases. Here is Messer's example.

Having already expressed his preference for clubs, North did not dare bid seven clubs over South's six spades, which was just as well in view of the 4-1 club break. South ducked the opening heart lead to East's jack, and the heart king was returned, knocking out dummy's ace. There followed five top trumps, on the last two of which West unwisely discarded one card in each red suit. Two diamond discards would have made the impending situation clearer to East, since declarer next strayed from the best technique by cashing his ace of diamonds before taking his four clubs, the final two in his hand.

It was on the lead of the last club at the 12th trick that West revoked. Instead of following suit with his remaining club, he discarded his 8 of diamonds. This was not an "established" revoke, and it was duly corrected. But at the same time it resolved East's problem as to whether to hold the queen of hearts or the king of diamonds, since it was now clear that South's remaining card could not be a diamond and therefore must be the 10 of hearts.

West protested that there could be no penalty, but he was wrong. Under the rules, South could call upon East to play any legal card to the 12th trick. Naturally, he called for the heart queen and made his slam—as indeed he might have anyway, had no revoke occurred. **ENO**

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 NT	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
4 NT	PASS	5 ♠	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 5 of hearts



All season long they battled evenly and, sure enough, the playoffs came down to three wins for Utah, three for Indiana and judgment day

Seventh-round knockout

This has been a confounding sport for everybody's expense with the ABA and NBA playoff action continuing. Milwaukee's Bucks and Kentucky's Colonels have been plowed under and Boston's Celtics have been cleanly knocked. And while these most likely challengers have turned into nothing more than likable patsies, two upstarts from New York have been every bit as brazen as the others at Madison Square Garden. Only out in the ABA West, where the Utah Stars and the Indiana

Pacers have been at each other again, has tradition and order been maintained. Whenever the Stars and Pacers meet it seems not so much a matter of who wins or loses, but how close the two teams can make it. There is the sweetest matchup since the Doublemint twins.

The Utah-Indiana rivalry has been the tightest in the pros ever since the two teams met in the 1970 playoffs, which was back when the Stars were shining in empty arenas around Los Angeles. Their battles the past two weeks in the

WHEELING PAST Utah star Willie Wise (left) and Pacers George McGinnis drives for basket.

Western finals have brought them even closer together. After the first six games of the series, the teams were tied with three home-court victories each. Utah had outscored the Pacers by two baskets: 682 points to 678. In the 43 games since the action got white-hot two years ago, the Stars had won more games, 22-21, but Indiana held the edge in scoring. Some edge. After more than 34 hours on the court, the Pacers led by a free throw, 4,821 to 4,820.

But the twin image ends with the statistics. For two teams so neatly matched in competition, the Pacers and Stars are vastly dissimilar in temperament. It is said that Bill Sharman is actually trying for two professional championships this season, one with the NBA Lakers whom he now coaches and the other with the Stars, the team he directed to the ABA title a year ago.

Sharman's stamp is seen clearly on the Stars. His team always practiced on game days. His successor, former Utah State Coach Ladell Andersen, tried making such sessions optional but soon found that most of the Stars opted to stay in bed. So mandatory drills are back. Half of Utah's plays still are the same ones used under Sharman, and the team's style remains unaltered: a consistent, brisk running offense combined with equally consistent aggressiveness when rebounding and defending.

But Utah, like most good teams, reflects the moods of its best players as much as its coaches, former and present. The top Stars, Centers Zelmo Beatty and forward Willie Wise, are both purists who operate without a hint of flamboyance. Beatty has even perfected a sort of on-court hauteur: he strides about with his lengthy carriage militarily erect, his head cocked back and his eyes peering down in apparent disdain at the swarm of underlings milling about him. No ABA center is more deft than Beatty at applying subtle force under the basket. He will nudge an opponent far enough to put him out of range for a rebound, but rarely so far that a referee might notice. Like a pickpocket working in a crowd, Zelmo can rip off his prey without missing the victim's suit and still keep an eye out



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we do have a lot of animals. Just keeping things going is a lot of work... a lot of work.

"My husband does all the work on our Mercury Marquis. I guess it is an elaborate car, but it's been good to us.

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for the cops. "Overall," observes Beauty, "we are a pretty mild group."

By retaining the Stars' old system and adding Guard James Jones to quarterback the offense, Anderson directed Utah to its best season ever. The Stars won three more games (60) this season than last and also took their division title for the first time. They have been consistent on the road, where they won a record 30-straight games, and at home, where they have not lost since Groundhog Day.

Lack of consistency has been Indiana's principal problem. Although the Pacers came within one victory of splitting their regular-season games with Utah—even during midseason both teams approach each other with playoff fervor—they still finished 13 games behind the Stars in the standings.

For months the Pacers have seemed more like a rodeo than a basketball team. Collectively, they own about as many horses as the Whitneys. While most star pivottens in the pros drive Bentleys or Maseratis, Indiana Center Mel Daniels, that noted cowboy from the sidewalks of Detroit, prefers a Ford pickup truck. He leads the Pacer horsey set with five mounts all his own and was among the members of the team still galloping around on days off during the playoffs.

It may be more good fortune that no Pacer was injured falling off a runaway stallion this year, but it is surely a miracle that none of them shot each other. Last week Forward Roger Brown, who also doubles as an Indianapolis city-county councilman, whipped out his nickel-plated, snub-nosed .38 Colt police special in the locker room. Happily, before he cocked the gun and started chasing his teammates around, he was thoughtful enough to unload it. But Forward Bob Netolicky, who had forgotten his own rod, would not be outdone. He reached into the pocket of his Levi's jacket (standard attire for some Pacers) and pulled out a handful of flat-nosed bullets for his missing .44. "These things aren't designed to maim you—they're designed to kill you," he chuckled as he tossed the ammunition in his palm like a handful of jelly beans. "If I hit you in the shoulder with one of these it's like as not going to take part of your fanny with it, too."

Considering such spirited high jinks, it is not surprising that Indiana has had a skittish year. As recently as two seasons ago the Pacers were clearly the class

continued

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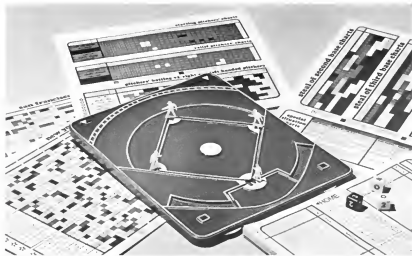
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of the ABA. Their strong front line of Brown, Daniels and Netolicky was considered the new league's only answer to the NBA. But some other teams, like Utah, have caught up with the Indiana veterans, and so have some new Pacers. With the addition of two good, young centermen, George McGinnis and Darrell Hillman, who both made the ABA All-Rookie team. Coach Slick Leonard appeared to be operating this year with an overabundance of talent. McGinnis often started, knocking Brown or Netolicky from the lineup or forcing Brown to play guard, an unfamiliar position, to the dismay of the other Pacer back-court men. Hillman also has been used as a starter, and the shifting has left the Pacers growling about Leonard behind his back. The coach responds that his players are unwilling to appraise their own performances and admit when someone else has played better.

Leonard feels being a starter has become too big a thing for the Pacers. "This is a seven- or eight-man game," he says. He believes the only player in the closing months of the season who regularly came off the bench to help was rookie Hillman. Once overshadowed by McGinnis, the muscleman who led the Big Ten in scoring and rebounding as a sophomore and then quit Indiana University last spring to join the Pacers, Hillman now calls himself "the sleeper of the year."

At 6' 9", he well may be the jumper of the year. In high school Hillman practiced by slamming the soles of his sneakers— with his feet in them—off the bottom of the backboard. In college he high-jumped seven feet, and in the pros he is one of the few players who can explode from a flat-footed stance and still out-reach opponents crashing on the run from the outside.

As the playoffs rolled along to the sixth game, it was Hillman's rebounding and defense, and even his shooting, which had not been too impressive before, that played a big hand in Indiana's survival. The Pacers, despite their year-long aimlessness, had typically pulled themselves together again to face the Stars.

In the seventh game Monday night they pulled hardest of all, breaking Utah's home streak and seizing the division title. The next stop for the Pacers is the finals—and any oddsmaker who puts a line on that contest had better add in the vagaries of a confounding spring. **END**

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'Oh, what a black day for England'

The West German national team, which has battled England in two of the game's pivotal contests of recent years, turns a rematch before 100,000 at London's Wembley Stadium into something of a Teutonic romp

If the Super Bowl were played between all-star teams representing the United States and the Soviet Union, it might approach in emotional intensity an international soccer match between England and West Germany. Much of this stems from two previous meetings—in the finals of the 1966 World Cup, when the English defeated the Germans 4-2 in extra time, and in the quarterfinals of the 1970 World Cup in Leon, Mexico, where the Germans rallied with three straight goals to put England out of the tournament 3-2, again in extra time.

So it was not surprising when 90,000 mad Englishmen and another 10,000 equally mad Germans defied wind and cold, drenching rain to jam London's Wembley Stadium last Saturday night for the renewal of their rivalry in the quarterfinals of the biennial European Cup of Nations. (The enthusiasm lost

something in transmission, however: Cable-TV audiences in many U.S. theaters were considered disappointing.)

The scene in Wembley was reminiscent of the 1966 World Cup finals: the noisy, exuberant crowd chanting in deep-throated unison, "England, England, England," a level and sordidness of noise far exceeding that at stop-and-start American football games. Unfortunately for the English, that is where the resemblance to 1966 ended. The game itself was quite different.

This time the Germans won rather easily 3-1 by outrunning the comparatively lethargic English and capitalizing on their scoring opportunities with flashing skill and determination. The English, aggressive but unimaginative, proved too slow and too methodical to overcome the German defense.

The British morning-after press viewed

the defeat as a national disaster. (Oh, WHAT A BLACK DAY FOR ENGLAND, lamented the *Sunday Express* in its BEGINNING OF THE END said *The Observer*.) It was, to be sure, a somber turn for the soccer-proud English and it was only natural that they began casting about at once for someone to blame. Sir Alf Ramsey, the coach of the England team, who still clings to the band of soccer that won him and England the World Cup in 1966, was certainly a target of convenience. If you had to compare him to an American football coach, it would be Vince Lombardi, but with less emotion. Sir Alf believes in making as few errors as possible and fattening on the errors of the opponent, which is dull—but fine if you win.

Helmut Schoen, coach of the West Germans, is almost the complete opposite. Tall, balding and outgoing, with

continued



ENGLISH GOALKEEPER GORDON BANKS GRIMACES AS THE FIRST GERMAN GOAL SLIPS PAST HIM AND INTO THE NET

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THE TRAVELERS



ENGLAND'S MARTIN CHIVERS NIMBLY AVOIDS A WEST GERMAN'S SLIDING TACKLE

a ready smile and ready statement, he somehow manages never to reveal much. Because the quarterfinals consist of two games, with aggregate scores determining the winner, Schoen had been expected to play a defensive, containing game at Wembley, holding his attack forces for the rematch in Berlin May 13. But Schoen did the opposite.

"I was surprised that they came at us so much in the first half," Sir Alf said after the game. "But it was probably our fault."

This was the first time in 71 years a German team had won at Wembley, and the victory was achieved with considerable style, skill and discipline. Much of it stemmed from veteran Franz Beckenbauer, the Germans' sweeper—a kind of free safety who plays just behind the first line, sweeping up loose balls and retrieving the errors of those up front. But Beckenbauer did far more; he was often the man who launched the swift German sorties with deft, flicking passes that were almost always on target to the most open man.

In the first half, before the heavy foot-

ing slowed him, Beckenbauer moved into the attack himself, and indeed he took the first really good hard shot in the game, firing from some 30 yards out toward the right corner of the English goal. Gordon Banks, England's fine goalie, barely managed a diving interception of the ball.

During the first half Banks was sorely pressed by the German offense. He blocked another shot by powerful Gerd Muller, the top scorer in Europe, but the block only postponed disaster momentarily. When Bobby Moore, the English captain, failed to clear the ball afterward it was picked up by Muller, who drew the defense in toward him and then snapped off a short pass to Uli Hoeneß, another forward, on his right. Hoeneß' shot caromed off Norman Hunter and into the net.

The German goal seemed to arouse the English, and for the rest of the half they became the aggressors. But their attack was fatally flawed. Their thrusts were too deliberate, almost telegraphed, and their desire to get into point-blank range before venturing a shot numbed

their offense. The Germans played a kind of collapsing defense, with virtually the entire team dropping back to protect the goal, repeatedly frustrating the too-careful English attack.

Shots that did get off were handled admirably by German Goalkeeper Josef Maier, who had worked out before the match by crouching in the goal mouth with his back to the field and whirling like a TV gunfighter to block shots from 20 yards out at the moment the ball was kicked. He stopped most of those, and he stopped most of England's. During the English flurry after the first German goal, Maier made three acrobatic saves, the first on a clean shot by Francis Lee, which Maier poked off running across the goal mouth, like an end catching a look-in pass.

A few moments later Martin Peters, firing from beyond the box, forced Maier to leap high in the air to deflect the ball over the goalpost. In the next English attack Peters tried again from shorter range, and this time Maier caught the hard-hit ball in the goal mouth. Thus England got nothing for its energetic efforts, and the half ended with the Germans ahead 1-0.

In view of England's aggressiveness during the last 10 minutes of the period, however, the lead seemed precarious enough as the second half opened. England continued to dominate play during the early going. The ubiquitous Beckenbauer, operating as a true sweeper this time, broke up a clever series of passes between Emlyn Hughes and Geoff Hurst, blocking the latter when he was almost in the act of shooting. The maneuver stopped what would surely have been an equalizing goal.

Hurst, who scored three goals in the English victory in 1966, was removed a few moments later. The crowd, which had begun to chant "Rod-nee, Rod-nee, Rod-nee," roared when Rodney Marsh, a Manchester City player and a strong scorer, came in. But he was not instrumental in England's catch-up goal, which came 12 minutes before the end of regular time.

It was a bad, tentative pass by Beckenbauer that started this England attack. The ball was short and wide of its target, and it was easily intercepted deep in German territory. A hard shot by Colin Bell was partially blocked by

ron/wood

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Maser, but Lee followed up and drove the ball home from short range to tie the game.

It seemed as if England now might rally, but in the last six minutes the West Germans scored twice, attacking with a speed and decisiveness that was lacking on the England side. Sig Held, moving exceptionally fast, broke clear of Bobby Moore, and Moore, lunging desperately after him near the goal, was called for tripping. Gunter Netzer's short-range penalty shot sliced off Banks' hand against the goalpost and into the left-hand corner of the net.

Held also figured in the crusher, a goal following his steal from Hughes just short of midfield. Gerd Müller, the stocky, long-haired premier strike for the Germans, got free 20 yards from the English goal mouth, and Held hit him with a good, quick pass. Müller, unlike the English strikers, did not try to improve his position by dribbling, but simply whirled and shot. The ball bur-

ied itself in the net behind the outstretched right hand of the leaping Banks for the final score.

The Wembley contest was certainly the most lively of the European Cup of Nations quarterfinals. Italy and Belgium fought to a scoreless tie in Milan's San Siro Stadium (the other game seen on closed-circuit TV by U.S. audiences), while Rumania and Hungary played a 1-1 draw in Budapest. The fourth contest, matching Yugoslavia against the U.S.S.R., also ended in a scoreless tie. The defense-minded Italians, in shutting out the Belgians, preserved an 18-year tradition at San Siro, no foreign squad has scored a goal there since 1954.

The two-goal lead West Germany takes back to Berlin means that Sir Alf must change his philosophy. The stodgy, plodding attack that fueled him Saturday would certainly not make up the two-goal deficit in Berlin. He might well take a page from Herr Schoen's book and use players with more speed and daring

than the knowledgeable but aging veterans he fielded at Wembley.

But Sir Alf, as imperturbable in defeat as he would have been in victory, did not hint of any significant changes in the England side for Berlin. "The return match will be tremendously difficult," he said. "However, nothing is impossible."

Indeed. But the home-field advantage for the Germans is not the only difficulty ahead. Schoen was deprived at Wembley of two of his most valuable players, Wolfgang Overath and Karl-Heinz Schnellinger, both out with minor injuries. If they are fit in Berlin, they will spring Beckenbauer for further attack duties. England's dependence on old, tried players may have to change if it hopes for better results. Sir Alf, who first made his reputation as the innovative coach of a small team in Ipswich, is certainly capable of reorienting his strategy. The time may now have arrived to do just that. **END**

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● The World's Frisbee Marathon Record was established Wednesday, April 5, by Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity at Cal State College, Los Angeles after 240 hours of continuous Frisbee throwing that began March 27, 1972.

● The Kazenoff twins of Woodbury, Long Island sing and play the guitar while simultaneously flipping a Frisbee.

● IFA member Jonny Hines, #53106 on August 6, 1970, scaled the heights of Mt. Fujiama—12,395 feet—and tossed his white Master Frisbee #27830 into the 300 ft. deep volcanic crater.

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● More than seven thousand Frisbee enthusiasts attended the Frisbee Festival in Dallas, Texas in 1971.

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● The only Frisbee team with its own airplane is the Shaker Heights team of Ohio.

● Jim Stowe of Birmingham, Ala., has thrown a Frisbee fifteen yards back and forth between two motor boats traveling 20 mph. He also reports flipping Frisbees between sky divers, with the record of two throws completed in mid-air.

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CONTINUED

We came to the island of Kyushu at twilight, gliding above black offshore rocks, lumpy hills, refineries. It was a jarring landing. The road from the airport was lined with palms in dubious health. Leafless persimmon trees still bore their orange fruit. In hundreds of tiny drained rice fields, stacks of straw shook in the cold wind.

As our taxi approached the city we saw bundled peasant women tending smoky fires on street corners.

"I'm excited," said Frank Shorter. "Partly at being in a strange country, but it's more than that." Frank is given



to analyses of his mental states.

"This is the first time I've started a trip knowing I couldn't be any better prepared," he said. "I've done more long runs than ever, I'm effective over shorter distances [he had won the national AAU cross-country championship in San Diego the day before] and my weight is right. I'm not torn down by too much racing like I was last summer."

He paused a moment, flinching as the cab cut off a cement truck. "Of course, it's frightening to feel like this. I've followed the program perfectly. If I run lousy, there's something wrong with the program."

This was last November and Frank and I were in Fukuoka, Japan to test our programs in what amounts to the world marathon championship. Since 1966 the Japanese have invited the cream of the year's marathoners to have at it over a flat course in traditionally cool, fast weather. Derek Clayton of Australia became the first man to run the 26 miles, 385 yards under two hours and 10 minutes (2:09:36.4) in 1967 in Fukuoka. The slowest winning time since was 2:11:12.8 by Jerome Drayton of Canada in the rain in 1969. Six of the eight fastest marathoners of all time have run their best races through the streets of Fukuoka, although Clayton improved his world best—there is no world record in the marathon because of varying terrain—to 2:08:33.6 in Belgium in 1969.

I had been invited on the strength of finishing second in 1970 with 2:11:35.8 and for winning the 1971 national AAU marathon championship. Frank had been second in our nationals with 2:17:44.6 in his first marathon and had won both the 10,000 meters and the marathon in the Pan-American Games.

At the hotel we met Eiichi Shibuya, the official in charge of our arrangements, and handed over two bottles of Johnnie Walker. He bowed. We bowed. His smile was reminiscent of Teddy Roosevelt's while standing over the lion.

"Mr. Kenneth Moore [my name was pronounced, as it was all week, "Moo-ah"] remembers the Japanese custom of high import taxes on our favorite whiskey."

While our steaks slowly incinerated upon their heated iron platters, we met the runners from Australia and New Zealand. John Farrington, 29, an administrative officer at Sydney's Macquarie University and fifth here last year, shook hands and looked dourly out the window.

"Look at those flags," he said. "Standing straight out from the poles. Bloody awful conditions."

Jack Foster, 39, a clerk in Rotorua, New Zealand, sought to calm Farrington. "We've got five more days, John. It must stop."

Foster was fourth last year. His large eyes and wrinkled forehead give him an appearance of shyness and uncertainty. In September he had run 80 laps on a track in 1:39:14.4, the world record for 20 miles.

Jack introduced two of his New Zealand teammates, John Robinson and Terry Manners, both 32.

"Not as fancy a field as it might be," said Jack. "Clayton says he's not racing again until Munich. Too much chance of injury. Ron Hall [of England, the only other man ever to crack 2:10] is only doing cross-country this winter. Bill Adcock [also of England, winner at Fukuoka in 1968 with 2:10:47.8] is injured. Karel Lismond of Belgium [the European champion] didn't answer his invitation, and the Japanese are sworn never to invite Drayton again."

"Why not?"

"Last year, after agreeing to run, he wired that he was injured. And in '69, when he won, he left his trophy. Apparently, the Japanese feel they lost face."

"Things are beginning to fall into place for me," said Frank. "Politics and face and duty-free Scotch."

"Well, it never hurts to make oneself welcome," I said.

"Certainly not," said Jack.

"In any case," said Robinson, "there will be a few men out there Sunday who can run a bit."

Akio Usami, Japan's defending champion and national record holder (2:10:37.8), was at another hotel. A graduate student at Tokyo's Nihon University, he had won marathons in Athens in April and at Munich in September.

Two Finns, two Russians, a West German and another New Zealander were expected.

"They invited four Kiwis?" I said.

"Oh, no," said Robinson. "They only paid for Jack. Terry and I had to put down \$1,400 apiece, air fare and expenses, to race here."

"My God," said Frank. "Why?"

When Robinson spoke, all the blue showed in his eyes.

"New Zealand can afford to send only 80 competitors to the Munich Olympics. How many will the U.S. send?"

"About 450."

"There, Our athletes are selected on the basis of their world rankings, which is the only way to choose between a swimmer and a rower, for example. We marathoners have to go under 2:16 simply to be considered. That time will put a man in the top 20 in the world unless a dozen do it here [in 1970 10th place at Fukuoka was 2:16]. We can't hope to produce those times in New Zealand because all our courses run over mountains. But if we're any kind of runners we ought to do it here."

"So you paid that kind of money to try," said Frank. "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a phys ed teacher. Terry is a house painter."

Later, as Frank and I walked to our rooms, he said, "I couldn't do that. Not unless I was positive I'd make it." He thought a moment. "Maybe he's ready."

We tried to run twice a day. I went out before breakfast. Nearby was a park and shrine. Crossing the gentle curve of a bridge I could look east and see canals reflecting red sunrise, silhouetting other bridges. A blue-roofed pagoda rose out of twisted, rope-wound pines. A bronze statue of an ancient Buddhist priest 60 feet high sheltered pigeons. Returning, the growing light revealed the foulness of the canals, shallow slime over broken glass and ordure.

Afternoons we were driven to more distant Otori Park. A lake was spanned by a series of islands connected by more bridges. Willows grew over a cinder path. We ran with schoolboys, soccer teams and karate groups. We were photographed incessantly and on following days our pictures were brought back to be autographed.

Frank, at 5' 10" and 130 pounds, looks fragile (Marty Liquori has called him "a vertical hyphen"), yet he always braved the traffic and ran back to the hotel. Shi-

buya-san, an occasional jogger himself, was impressed.

"Mr. Shorter has much energy."

"Yes."

"Why do you think it is so?"

"He credits it to his drinking."

"He drinks?"

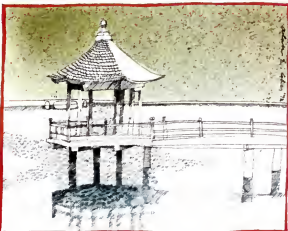
"Oh, yes. Lots of beer and gin-and-tonic."

"I drink wine. And beer and gin. But no tonic."

"So close, and yet so far."

We had no commitments, yet we were always occupied. Perhaps we are slow, or have lengthy attention spans. We certainly lingered over our meals, in conversation or, in Frank's case, in attempting to eat.

"I'm really up for this race," he said early in the week.



"I have no appetite at all." For lunch he usually could get down a chocolate sundae and a gin-and-coke.

I asked if he had any objection to my publicizing his fondness for gin.

"Well, it's me," he said. "I sip it to relax and I've always done it. But if I bombed out in the race, a lot of red-necks would say, 'See how the lush drank himself out of contention.' It wouldn't be true, but I'd hate to give them the ammunition."

Later in the day the Russians arrived and passed out little bottles of vodka.

The previous year the Russians had been archetype proletarian. One, Yuri Volkov, who finished eighth with a Soviet record 2:14:28, is a metalworker and has a scar, of unstated origin, from jaw to hairline. He made noise when he ran, stamping on the pavement as if killing bugs. We

continued

all nodded knowingly the morning after the race when he could not walk, so damaged was one Achilles' tendon.

This year's Russians were smooth. Both were 28, undergraduate students and, on five words of English, urbane. Their names: Vassily Shalomilov and Yuri Maurin.

They had brought a manager, a robust, gray-haired man who burst, when least expected, into songs about Volga boatmen. He spoke no English and continually pressed us for autographs. If you happened to have a ballpoint pen in hand, it wound up in his. He did know one English word: "souvenir."

In his room, Frank discussed his feelings toward Russians.

"It is a culturally indoctrinated suspicion. I find myself wondering, 'What are they really thinking?' It's hard to articulate, harder to explain, I have to fight it."

I said, "I lost that in Leningrad." Frank and I had run there in the U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. meet the year before.

"Yeah," Frank said. "When Mikutenko gave us those little wood carvings from his children."

Between meals and workouts we were entertained by the press. The marathon was sponsored by the *Asahi Shimbun* newspaper chain, whose Fukuoka offices took up the first seven floors of the hotel building. Our pictures appeared daily and some of the interviews attained a depth

seldom reached in this country. Having run second the year before, I drew a lot of fire. When my undergraduate major was exposed, I was pegged "the philosopher-marathoner" and asked such questions as "What is there about you which longs for the suffering of the race?" or "In what way is your soul satisfied by the marathon?"

It was a heady atmosphere and I succumbed. "After every experience," I said, "it's natural to reflect that you might have done better. Only after a marathon can I say I have given everything. Because of the enormity of the attempt, the cleansing of the pain, I can sit, even stiff and blistered, and know a kind of peace."

Farrington added, "Marathoning is like cutting yourself unexpectedly. You dip into the pain so gradually that the damage is done before you're aware of it. Unfortunately, when awareness comes, it is excruciating."

"That's why you have to forget your last marathon before you can run another," said Frank. "Your mind can't know what's coming."

We were distracted from these musings by the arrival of the Finns. Seppo Nikkan, 23, and Pentti Rummakko, 28, spoke nothing but Finnish. The Japanese were unable to unearth an interpreter. Nikkari, tall and gawky, with a feathery, blond mustache, did not seem perturbed. Disdaining the dinner menu, he barged into the kitchen and pointed at what he wanted. When people in front of him

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did not make way fast enough when the elevator reached his floor, he cheerfully propelled them into the wall.

"He does not seem to have perfectly adapted to civilization," said Farrington.

Rumakko was slender and silent, with eyes in great dark hollows and gaps between his teeth. Fourth in the 1970 Boston Marathon with 2:14:39, he has raced internationally for years.

"It's unnerving," said Robinson. "You get the idea these fellows don't live for anything but running."

Nikkari seemed to develop an affection for Farrington, jumping in his taxi to the park, pounding on his back at unpredictable intervals when they ran.

"I don't really *detest* the bloody ox, you know," said John. "I mean I haven't struck him between his blinking eyes. I will, however, take pleasure in thrashing him by a few minutes."

Shorter discerned a plan. "The kid's got Farrington's number," he said. "You have to put so much effort into this race that you can't afford to dislike your opponents. It's a waste of energy."

One afternoon the phone woke me from a nap.

"This is cork."

"Who? From Ireland?"

"No, Cork, on ninth floor lobby."

Tentatively: "Clerk?"

"Hai. You are Mr. Moo-ah?"

"Yes."

"You have visitor. Please come down."

It was the man from Tiger. Mr. Yoshihiko Hikita provided us all with leather bags stuffed with his company's racing and training shoes. Not more than 25 and rigid within his black blazer, Hikita-san seemed awed by us.

"Just say, 'This shoe rubs a bit,'" Farrington whispered to us, "and in two minutes he's back with another pair. Meanwhile, you've tucked away the first. That goes on and on. I brought practically no luggage."

"A bloke could get really spoiled over here," said Robinson, clutching half a dozen shoe bags to his chest. By the end of the week he had filled a packing case with shoes, track suits and camera equipment.

Hikita-san was proud of his new "Ohbooi" model, named, roughly, for the park where we trained. He had sent a pair to Foster and me earlier and we had promised to race in them. Foster pointed out the shoe's ventilation.

"People at home asked me what all the little holes were for. I told them that's for the blood to run out."

Frank tried on a pair.

"Mr. Frank Shorter," said Hikita, "in your real opinions these are best shoes?"

"Yeah, they're great. But a little too wide."

"Ah so. But it is not possible to make narrower so soon before the race."

"I think they'll do."

That afternoon Frank ran a hard hour through the park in his regular, non-Tiger training shoes. After dinner Hikita-san was waiting for us in the lobby. He gave Frank a searching look.

"Why," he asked in a low voice, "did you wear Adidas shoes today?"

Frank gently reassured him that he would race in Tigers. He had simply preferred not to run 10 miles in brand-new shoes. He mentioned again that his feet were very narrow.

Hikita withdrew and returned shortly with pieces of string and rice paper. He carefully traced the outline of Frank's foot and measured its circumference at the ball and around the arch, marking the string with red ink. Then he retreated, saying, "We will try."

Frank, his bare foot propped on a coffee table, said softly, "I wish I hadn't worn Adidas today."

"Why? I've seen you play Adidas against Puma without mercy."

"They didn't take it like that man."

Runners are usually perpetual convalescents, leading a life of rich, vigorous afternoons, nodding evenings and stiff, groggy mornings. Easing training before a race sometimes humanizes us, but we are incomplete tourists. Our sense of mission makes us unwilling to tire ourselves in search of culture or Christmas presents.

One morning Shibuya-san told us we were scheduled to go to a Shinto shrine to be purified for the race.

"It makes no difference whether or not we are believers," inquired Frank.

"No difference. It is automatic."

"That sort of thinking might have saved us a few million in crusaders, heretics and Northern Irish," Frank said.

We were greeted by a tiny, energetic man in beige and dark brown robes. Nobusada Nishitakatsujii explained in rapid, precise English that his family had served as priests at Dazaifu Shrine for 38 generations.

Detecting an accent, Frank asked if he had ever been in the U.S.

"Harvard Divinity School," he said.

He led us through high stone gates and gilded arches to an inner courtyard. Under a sacred plum tree we were given a sip of ceremonial sake from a three-tiered golden bowl. Small printed fortunes were selected for us according to the animal of the year of our birth.

Shibuya-san translated my fortune.

"If you desire something a long time, you will get it. Beware of serious illness. Don't sell your house."

The priest excused himself and hurried off.

"Where is he going?" asked Frank.

"I believe he has a Rotary meeting," said Shibuya.

I had not been feeling well. The combination of the San Diego race, in which I finished sixth, the long flight and the seven-hour time change had subdued me. Three days before the race I awoke feeling honestly sick. At breakfast Farrington said, "I tell everyone they're coming apart at the seams, but you really do look pale."

I reported to Shibuya, who took me to a clinic. My temperature was 101°, the diagnosis virus. I received a shot of antibiotic, some orange pills and signed half a dozen autographs for a row of giggling nurses.

I was ordered to my room. Shibuya looked in every couple of hours. I got him to sit on the bed and talk about the Japanese attachment to the marathon.

continued

"We made marathon important because it is one event in which a man needs not to be tall to be great," he said. "In marathon and gymnastics we can do well against the world."

"There is great pressure upon runners to do well?"

"Yes," he said. "Sometimes there is too much."

"Will you tell me about Kokichi Tsuburaya?"

He sighed. "Yes, there were many pressures on Tsuburaya. He came from a small town in the north, Sukagawa City in Fukushima Prefecture. There is only a cigarette factory there. The city had nothing to be proud of except Tsuburaya. There were signs on the buildings that said Tsuburaya is our pride. When he won the bronze medal in the Tokyo Olympics, there was a great celebration. Everyone said, 'In Mexico, the gold.'"

"Tsuburaya was in the Japan Self-Defense Forces. He was in the department of training, a leader with responsibilities. In our tradition, the leader is always the best. The JSDF is very strict and insists on training hard, hard, hard. There is no limit. My own sister trained with other women to challenge U.S. guns with bamboo poles."

"This tradition has been carried on by the JSDF and influenced Tsuburaya. He trained so hard that he injured his Achilles' tendon. His commanders wanted the honor he would win, so he was not permitted to rest. For a year he ran poorly."

"In 1967 he committed suicide by slashing his wrists. He left a simple note to his mother. It said, 'I can't run any further.'"

I asked how his death affected the Japanese.

"We were sorry."

"Were people sympathetic, or did they think he was crazy?"

"He was not insane. We could understand. We were just sorry he had no friend or leader who could guide him. He had a heavy burden. We criticized his JSDF captain. We said, 'Why didn't you help Tsuburaya?' He said only, 'We never let up.'"

When Shibuya had gone, I slept. In a dream I found myself at the start of the Olympic 5,000-meter final. I had trained in secret for years, preparing for this single race. I tore through the first mile in four minutes even, pulling to a huge lead. In the second mile, despite the pain, I surged harder, responding to the astounded, howling crowd, and ran it in 3:58. Over the last few laps, when I should have dropped, I began to sprint, lapping the earth's best runners, lowering the three-mile world record by a minute. In the stretch, amid the torture of the effort and the screams of the multitude, I delivered the limit of my energy and all my body's chemical bonds burst. Only a wisp of vapor crossed the finish line, leaving my nylon shirt folded across the tape.

When I awoke, my fever was gone.

We had developed a cocoa ritual. Before bed the English-speaking runners gathered in a coffee shop off the lobby to choke down a few more carbohydrates. (The traditional pre-race steak has been discredited. Recent marathon records have been set on cream puffs and peanut pie.)

Feeling recovered, I put in an appearance. Farrington was at the window.

"I hope there are a lot of little Japanese down on their knees somewhere praying for the weather," he said.

"Surely you don't have to worry about a fast time?" John was the year's second-fastest runner with 2:12:14.

"It would help my chances for Olympic selection. Our committee has decided to send only 12 men to Munich in track and field. There are 21 events. Once they are selected, no one else can go."

"What if a runner was the best you had in an event, but wasn't selected and offered to pay his own way?"

"The committee would say no. It wouldn't be fair to other unselected athletes who couldn't afford it."

"What if *everybody* could afford it?"

"They would still say no. It's tough to make the Australian team. It's always been that way."

"Do you think it should stay that way?"

"I will if I make it."

This created a silence. Finally Robinson spoke:

"I say, had a peck in at the massage parlor next door? Fabulous?"

In the morning I jogged a few miles. Outside the hotel I found Robinson changing shoes. He ran 100 yards down an alley, returned, sat down and began changing shoes again.

"Foot problems?"

"Oh, no. It's just that to get these buck into New Zealand without paying twice their value in duty, they have to be used."

Upstairs, I met Hikita-san coming from Frank's room. I looked in. Frank looked ludicrous in a flowing yukata and Ohboshi shoes. He seemed dazed.

"They're perfect," he said.

"New shoes?"

"Yes. Somehow they made a narrower pair. But he tried to take my Adidas. He said, 'Since you have no further use for these . . . ' and tried to slip them into his bag. Don't they trust me?"

"When they know you better, Frank."

Usami came to the hotel to be photographed with his foreign challengers. We were made to sit in a row and hold up our bare feet for the camera.

Farrington felt Usami's rock-hard thigh.

"Your legs feel very, very tired," Farrington said.

Usami seemed about to explode with suppressed glee.

"Yes," he giggled. "Very tired."

"Well they ought to be," said Farrington. "You ran 50 kilometers before breakfast."

Usami laughed, throwing his head back. "Yes, yes. Exhausted."

I had regained my will to live, but the will to run is a more delicate flower. In hopes of nourishing it, I bought a bottle of Japanese champagne with dinner. It was sweet, but without the fruity quality of good sweet wines.

"Alcoholic cream soda," said Frank.

"It's better than their red wine," put in Farrington. "That tastes like kerosene."

Soon we were telling stories. I talked about red-necks

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MARATHON

and bleeding feet in the Olympic marathon ("Gawd damn you, git awn up there where a American ought to be").

Jeff Julian, the fourth New Zealander and a bunker, told a Ron Hill story.

"Ron went to the Munich pre-Olympic marathon in September," said Julian, "but he didn't enter. He simply ran over the course the morning of the race. Then, after Usami won, Hill came up and told him—I imagine a finger wagging—"You second next year in Olympics. Second. Me first."

Robinson and I frowned. "Ronnie should know better," I said. "Winning is never so sweet that losing can't be sourer if you get your hopes up like that."

"Right," said Robinson. "I was just thinking it's nice they give 10 trophies here. I'll be perfectly happy to take home any of those at all."

The day before the race we tried out our endurance in the opening ceremonies. In a ballroom before banks of flowers and the flags of the represented nations, we heard from the mayor of Fukuoka, the Japanese minister of education, the president of the Japanese Amateur Athletic Federation and the president of *Asahi Shinbun*. Frank was edgy.

"I have the feeling I got here a day early," he whispered. "I'm ready right now. My stomach is starting to churn."

"Relax. We'll have a drink afterward."

"You know, the winner of this race really will be the favorite in Munich."

"Concentrate on the chrysanthemums and lilacs, Frank. Think of the care some tiny, *patent* gardener..."

"We can do it, you know. I really feel it."

"Think how he watered and pruned and fertilized, creating blossoms that invite quiet contemplation..."

"Those Russians look fit enough. I wonder if they're as nervous..."

"Pretend you're that patient gardener, taking pleasure and fulfillment from simply watching..."

"When I think of the start, all those frantic Japanese, ready to die... The way they're going to drive us..."

"Frank. That way lies madness."

"You're right. What were you saying about flowers?"

Race day dawned crystalline and calm. Then at breakfast, in full view of Far-

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rington, clouds scudded up from the southwest and it rained. Frank and I sat by ourselves.

"I don't feel like I have to win this, you know?" said Frank. "I want to, but I'm calm."

We were bused to the stadium, where we would start and finish, and were put in a bare, unheated room under the stands. We slathered Vaseline in our shoes and wherever skin rubs against skin. Remembering the Pan-American marathon in Cali, where he had to seek relief in a cane field, Frank went out to find a toilet.

"It's bango, isn't it?"

"Bango."

"Yes. Would be embarrassing to get that mixed up."

Farrington was peering at an infinitesimal blister on Robinson's heel and saying, "Now *that's* going to be trouble..." when we came under attack. Fireworks exploded somewhere and a crowd of crazed, clucking officials swept us out onto the field.

We jogged a mile to warm up. The Japanese runners were grim except Usami, who smiled at friends in the crowd. The rain had stopped but not the wind. We were assembled on the line.

The starter's gun refused to discharge. We were reassembled and, finally, set off. More skyrockets detonated overhead. Usami jumped for the early lead. He did not get it. Farrington darted out of the inside lane and stayed in front until we were out of the stadium. Foster and Shalomilov kept close. Frank and I were fifth and sixth until Nikkari elbowed through.

Once on the road, the wind was behind us. The route followed the westward curve of the coastline out onto a flat, sandy peninsula. We were to return over the same road. Usami took the lead and his pace immediately split the field. Farrington and Foster stayed with him. Frank, Nikkari and I surrendered 30 yards.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"It's under 4:50 mile pace."

"World-record pace."

"We can't let them get more than 80 yards."

By two miles we caught them. At 10,000 meters, reached in 29:47, the six of us were together, 100 yards in front.

The crowd was immense, six and eight deep, mile after mile, and it roared at us with sustained fury. It pos-

sessed thousands of paper Japanese flags and slashed and beat the air with them in a frenzy of exorcism. The evil spirits surrounding Usami were given, at the very least, headaches.

Moving with us was an entourage of official buses and police motorcycles. The camera truck vented oily, black exhaust. When it came too near we would shout and wave it away. Frank, saving his breath, merely spit on it.

A little butterfly of a Japanese kept fluttering up to us and falling back. At eight miles I dropped back with him, in crisis. The symptoms of midweek had returned, weakness and swimming nausea. I deluded myself. World-record pace would kill them all. It was infinitely more wise to run economically, give them their too costly lead and take it back when it counted.

Robinson and Rummakko passed me.

Manners passed me. In spite of slowing I felt no better. I was cooked.

The course turned gradually into the wind. Frank took refuge behind Foster and Nikkari. Farrington ran at his side. They had left all settlement and ran now between white sand dunes and low pines. The crowd vanished and they could hear each other's breathing. The pace slowed.

Farrington watched Nikkari's ungainly shuffle and said, as if insulted, "The bloke's got no bloody calves."

Frank said, "Boy when we go around that turn, all hell is going to break loose."

Farrington shot him a look of panic.

Usami had taken them through the last 5,000 meters in 16:21. Frank ran the next in 15:11. Several hundred yards after turning for home, he met me laboring among the stragglers.

"Put it to them," I said, needlessly. There was blood in his eye and he was running with a light, driving precision.

With nine miles to go Frank had gained 200 yards on Usami and Foster, who were running together. The crowd changed in tone. Applause for Frank was warm, but the resounding encouragement behind him was of a different order. He used it to gauge his lead.

"The race is always between 20 and 26 miles," he said later. "My only doubt was that my mind was ready to put my body through that. When I got into it, I still didn't know. There was the pain, and there was a peculiar frustration. I can run a four-minute mile. It was agonizing for a runner like me to not be able to do anything but crawl."

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MARATHON *continued*

They ran the last three miles into the teeth of the wind. The gritty, powerful Usami shook off Foster and drove on after Frank.

"It was the hardest I've ever run," said Frank. "Even in the heat of Chile, I felt better. Here, I was so helpless."

He won by 32 seconds in 2:12:50.4.

"I finished and a great feeling of thankfulness swept through me. There was no sense of conquest, none of this halcyon about *running* anybody."

Across the line, he waved away blankets and fought off officials and reporters to stand at the finish and embrace Usami.

"My only thought was, 'Here we are, goddamnit! We made it.' This man had suffered as much as I had. We all had."

He stood there and shook hands with every finisher until I came in. I was the 38th person he shook hands with.

In the last hour, I crept. The kilometer times were gibberish, so different were they from what I had expected. I thought about quitting. Ambulances waited every three miles. I remembered being taken from the Pan-American marathon with heat exhaustion.

"I never quit," I shouted aloud. "Never! Never! Never!" I repeated this every 500 yards to the end.

More Japanese passed. My hip stiffened. The West German, Manfred Saffert, a pale, effeminate runner who had arrived only two days before, passed. He asked me what was wrong.

"Ever, sick, blisters, don't give a damn...."

He left me spouting afflictions. I was the last of the foreigners. People called "Moo-ah, Moo-ah," held their children by the shoulders and pointed them at me. I imagined them saying, "See, even the silver-medal winner of last year can be reduced to a stumbling, tortured wreck." I was a wheezing mortal.

In some places the crowd had departed. Paper flags drifted across the street like candy-stripe leaves. A few children waved sticks from which the paper had been torn.

I watched the hills, the pines rising out of courtyards, trying to mask with images the meaningless pain.

Entering the stadium, I caught a wobbling Japanese. He spurred. I kept close and jumped him in the stretch. Frank was there.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

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"Yeah, I never gave up."

Foster was third, Nikkari fourth, Manners fifth, Farrington sixth ("The bloody gales, I couldn't move after 20 miles"), Rummakko seventh. The times, because of the wind, were slow. Of the New Zealanders, only Foster cracked 2:16.

The award ceremony was tedious. Frank put up with it somewhat better than I, accepting four trophies and two medals. The top 10 finishers mounted pedestals. Squarely on No. 10 beamed John Robinson.

In the late afternoon, after hot baths, we were escorted to a buffet for congratulations from dignitaries. Oysters cascaded from a Fujiyama carved in ice. The Olympic torch, fashioned out of butter, rose above a truck of pâté, upon which raced stuffed lofishers.

Frank was brought a beer by a pretty girl in a kimono.

"She is the most expensive bar hostess in all Fukuoka," said Shibuya-san.

"Why?" asked Frank. The girl fled. We met Colonel Leonard Fisher, commander of the U.S. Air Force units in the area.

"Frank, my boy," he said, "you've run a great race. We almost got out of the car to cheer."

After dark we were taken across the street to the Fukuoka Famous Strip Show, during which Frank was heard to utter the following:

"There really was a student discount."

"That is the kind of girl the servicemen take pity on and bring home to mother."

"They do make it subtly worse, don't they?"

"I'm getting warm."

"She's not going to do that again. She's going to do it again."

"Agnew said it. 'You seen one, you seen 'em all.'"

The Soviet manager sat in front of us. When it was over, he turned, pondered for a long, effortful moment and said, "O.K., yeah?"

"My God," said Frank, "I thought he was going to say 'souvenir.'"

We wound up at a dim French restaurant. The Russians demanded vodka, inspected the label and decided, scornfully, "nyet." Shilomilov then stood and triumphantly drew a huge bottle from beneath his coat.

"Real vodka!" he shouted.

The New Zealanders fell to screaming Maori war chants. Shibuya sang a Spanish ballad in a steady tenor. The Russians crooned Caspian work songs and one of the Finns (Nikkari, since Rummakko refused to open his mouth) produced something characteristically unintelligible.

Robinson soon announced, "That vodka's great stuff. My blisters have gone away already."

Frank and I, under overpowering duress, sang *Shin Me the Way to Go Home* and went home. We fell asleep in the taxi. I remember the last thing he said:

"I get like this after every marathon, so damn tired."

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 23-May 1

BASKETBALL—**ARA**, White Union and Indiana tied to seven games in the West game 70, New York defeated Virginia 110-117 and 118-107 in the Eastern Division finals, then lost 118-107.

NBA—New York checked forward Lou Alcindore in the first game of the championship with a decisive 114-87 win in L.A. The Knicks, led by Bill Bradley's 11 of 24 attempts and Jerry Lucas' record-outside shooting (26 points), hit 53.6% of their shots. In the second game, the Lakers wallbanged the Knicks 106-92 to tie the series at 1-1.

HORSE SHOOTING—**ALABAMA**, driven by Sidney Dunlap, won the \$60,000 Duval C. Purkin Pace at Liberty Bell in a track record time of 1:36 1/2. But Ray May finished second, one length back, when finishing Isle of Wight, which had beaten an Alabama three straight times, was fourth.

HOCKEY—**BOSTON** blew a 3-1 lead in the first game of the Stanley Cup playoffs, but beat New York 4-3 when Ace Bailey scored a goal with 2:16 left in play (page 20).

HORSE SHOOTING—Kentucky Derby favorite RIVA RITTO (10) led wins the \$100,000 Kentucky Derby Stakes at Kentucky by four lengths over favorite Secretariat. Derby co-trainer, HORSE YOLIE PLATE (32-60), took the seven-furlong, \$10,000 Stuyvesant Stakes at Chateaufort Downs by five lengths over Candice Breda (page 21).

COUGAR hit 153,300 miles by Ray Stuenkel, set an American grass record of 2:11 for a mile and three-quarters in winning the \$100,500 Century Handicap at Hollywood Park by four lengths over Lincencious.

WATERLOO, an 8-year-old ridden by Edward Bledsoe, won the 1,000 Guineas at Newmarket, the British race of the English season, by two lengths over Marmosa. Favored HILLY TOP took the second mile, the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket, by half a length over John Gifford's Marmosa.

LEGISLATION—Previously unbroken and Los Angeles' Mary Lou was upset by eighth-ranked ARMY when Gary Goodrich broke a 9-9 tie with a surge at 6:24 of the 100-yard sprint. Terry, runner by Dave Demaree, had led 3-1 in the first half and 5-0 early in the 200-yard race.

The No. 2 team in the nation, unbeaten JOHNS HOPKINS, wallbanged St. Ignace 17-1 for its sixth win as Bill Nolan tossed in four goals and Jack Thomas had two goals and four assists, boosting his point total to 82, 10th in the nation.

HOIST SPORTS—**JACKY JACK**, of Belgium and **CLAY KILGASTON**, of Switzerland, challenged

105.9 mph in their end Ferrari to win the 500 Kilometers of Monza (Italy) last night. Ron Hunt, John and Michael Schumacher of West Germany as a Porsche. It was the fifth straight win for Ferrari, which needs only one more victory to win the world long-distance driving championship.

HOCKEY—**HARVARD**'s unbeaten heavyweights crew defeated MIT by 2½ lengths in the Charles River Regatta in Cambridge, Mass., to take the Compton Cup for the 10th straight year.

For the seventh year in a row, PENN.'s undefeated heavyweight won the Blackwell Cup Regatta on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, beating Yale by five lengths.

TEXAS 5 FIELD—**KANSAS STATE**, anchored by Jerome Howe's 59.8 mile, ran the distance steady in 9:11.8 for a world outdoor best in the Drake Relays in Des Moines, Iowa (page 26).

NORTH CAROLINA CENTRAL, led by Larry Black, won three relays at the Penn Relays in Philadelphia and set records in each of them. With Black carrying a scorching 41.8 anchor leg, the four-quarter mile over in a relay—Central capped a 3:07.7 clocking in the relay, an NCAA record. Black also anchored the most record-setting 800-yard relay team (1:28.8) and ran the second leg in the sprint medley relay team that set an NCAA mark with a 3:14.8. PENN. had to set a meet record in the 400- and 800-yard hurdles relay to top Central, which finished second, then led in four relays.

VOLLEYBALL—**UCLA** won its third straight NCAA title by beating San Diego State 10-15, 9-13, 13-10, 13-11 in the finals at Ball State University in Muncie, Ind.

WRESTLING—**CLAINE** by the Miami Dolphins, after being cut out of the team by Baltimore, Colt Quinterback SAMUEL MORRILL, 17, the NFL's Most Valuable Player in 1984 when he threw 26 touchdown passes and led the Colts to the Super Bowl. The Dolphins will be the sixth team for Morrill, who has played 16 years in the NFL.

ENDED The 10-month tennis war between the International Lawn Tennis Federation and Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis group (17 countries) when both sides agreed to a new four-man tour open tennis in which all players will be free to compete anywhere. When the WCT player contracts expire, the differences between contract and independent pros will disappear.

FISHED The coaches of both California teams in the NBL. The California Golden State won 10-0 in the West, defeated N.Y. STAPLES,

42, after one season, and the Los Angeles Kings, who came in last in the West, ousted FRED GLOVE, 44, their REB.

FISHED **PRESTON GOMEZ**, 49, manager of the San Diego Padres since they joined the National League in 1969 (they finished last in the Western Division each year), after a 4-7 start this season. Third-base Coach DON ZIMMER, 41, a light switch of play (manager for 12 seasons), replaced him, and promptly lost his first two games.

PROMOTED **KICHI GURIN**, 35, from coach to general manager of the Atlanta Hawks. In his eight seasons as the manager of Atlanta's NBA affiliate, the Hawks, he led the Hawks to the Western Division title in 1984 and 1970, and into the playoffs every year.

ASSIGNED **JAMES (Babe) MCARTHUR**, 48, as coach of the Memphis Pros to become coach of the Dallas Chaparrals. McArthur had been with the Pros since their launch in the New Orleans Buccaneers four years ago.

TRADED By the Minnesota Vikings, Quarterback GARY CUNZIG, 31, a general winner, to the St. Louis Cardinals for Wide Receiver JOHN WILLIAMS, 26, who caught 42 passes for 877 yards last season, and two draft choices. In another offseason move, the New England Patriots won adopted Defensive End FRED DRYER, 35, to the Los Angeles Rams for Defensive Tackle RICK CASH, 26, and a No. 1 pick in the 1973 draft. The Rams had cleared Drier from the New York Giants at the end of last season. For three draft choices.

UPHELD By the Kentucky Court of Appeals, the just ruling constitution making the \$127,000 franchise money for FORWARD PASS, who finished second to Dunlop's finish in the 1984 Kentucky Derby. The ruling confirms that the court's decision that the money was not Dunlop's property, but was the property of the Kentucky Derby Association, which had declared that once the money was found in Dunlop's possession, he was the winner's partner.

DIED **FORREST TWOGLDOW**, 64, assistant athletic director and former basketball coach at USC, of cancer, in Glendale, Calif. TwoGLDOW's team won three Pacific Coast Conference championships and 255 games (100-105) in 16 seasons (1953-69).

DIED **REBOT**, 20, who was undefeated in 16 events in judo, France and England and the winner of the Prix de l'Academy de Tricolore, as well as the one of more international classic winners than any other nation, at the Derby Club in London, Ky.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ECOLOGY

Sirs:

Every once in a while an article appears that is simply amazing in its stupidity. *Gospel of False Prophecy* (April 24) by Mr. Bil Gilbert is such a masterpiece.

Most students of junior high school biology know that there will always be an ecology of some kind. What some of us are trying to avoid is the ecology that would be associated with a world of 50 billion people, concrete and cockroaches.

Man's frantic efforts had better matter more than a whet. Personally, I prefer this world to that of Mr. Gilbert.

H. R. HATHAWAY, M.D.

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert's little exercise in semantics is unfortunate insofar as it casts doubt upon the validity of the "ecology" movement. Granted, the original meaning of ecology has been severely bastardized with usage. It has been exploited by many groups and has become somewhat ambiguous as a result. What Mr. Gilbert fails to understand is that words, like ecosystems, also undergo evolutionary change. Ecology has come to symbolize man's concern for his world.

According to Gilbert, the ecology movement consists of nothing more than a bunch of pop ecologists who believe whooping cranes are good and people stink. Whooping cranes, polluted waters and disappearing open space have indeed become rallying points of environmental concern. These are symptoms of man's effect on his world. It is absurd to say that anyone (excepting the most naive) believes that the extinction of the whooping crane "will leave an irreparable rent in the ecological web of life." The survival of the human species is the real issue. Let us hope that not everyone is as fatalistic as Mr. Gilbert.

DONALD BRENT WOOD

Logan, Utah

Sirs:

I hope you can find this letter among the avalanche of bores you are bound to get from members of the Sierra Club and others who call themselves conservationists. They'll take a dim view of Gilbert's gospel.

Having spent 35 years in an industry vitally interested in our forests' yield, I was amazed when the word ecology came into vogue. Dictionaries failed to clarify what most were talking about. Thanks for an amusing, enlightening explanation.

HAI REHWINS

Chairman of the Board

Cortey Manufacturing Company
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sirs:

My eternal gratitude to Bil Gilbert for his truly outstanding piece on ecology. It is high time the pestiferous preachings of the "ecologists" have been identified as precisely what they are: the mouthpiece of personal esthetic preferences and prejudices.

This article should be made required reading for Senator Proxmire, his admirers and the various organizations which are energetically striving to bring about the economic destruction of Alaska (not to mention the rest of the world) in the name of ecology.

My congratulations also to Si for having the integrity to print an article stating a position which is not in accord with popular feeling.

TERRY RICHIBARD

Westfield, N.J.

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert rightly debunks much of the current nonsense about "ecology," but I think he has gone too far. If man is a natural phenomenon, then not only the consequences of his acts are natural, but his brain, thoughts and understanding of the world around him are also natural. If man chooses not to live in his own sewage, not to breed to a point of diminishing life quality, and not to wantonly destroy other life forms unceasingly, these choices are also natural. Since most objective observers would consider these products of thought to be beneficial, why are they wrong?

The answer is they are not. A microbe in a test tube has no power to stop its rampant multiplication. Man's mind shows him a better way, one which will enable him to survive where lesser species failed. We've heard the Malthusian argument before and are trying to avoid its consequences.

MICHAEL GILBY, D.D.S.

Riverside, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert's attempt to purify the concept of ecology has a permeating stench of lawyer-fare philosophy that leads to a glorified status quo. It is a common American malady that results in an abrogation of responsibility. Leave well enough alone. Things will work out in the end. Forces of life and extinction will interact until a new equilibrium is reached.

The notion that "a kind of ultimate check, a biological Catch-22, built into the system" will preserve the biosphere is sheer folly. For what Mr. Gilbert refuses to consider is that man's activities affect every other species in a unique manner never displayed in prior evolutionary history. While dominant species in the past have defeated them-

selves, man, the new dominator, does not appear to be content with merely destroying himself. If he loses, everything else must lose.

Man controls not only the play-by-play, he also makes the rules. And that makes all the difference.

JOHN ADAM KARACZYNSKI

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert states: "Nature is what is. Man is: the combustion engine is; nuclear fusion is; and all are as natural as the next phenomena." Ecology is only the dynamic system of interrelations of all these things. "Questions of ecological good and bad are irrelevant. . . . Whatever the outcome, 50 or 0 billions, we can rest assured that there will still be ecology."

The above happens to be true. But just for an instant think of the difference between a world with 50 billion people and a world with less than a billion people. Think of the difference between a world with one-tenth as many animal species as now live, and a world with 10 times as many animal species as now live. The real danger which man faces is not extinction but mutation into a new species of carp. The ecological nihilism (I wonder how Bil feels about that word pair) proposed by Gilbert is an excellent first step toward such a mutation.

GIL SANDGREN

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

The "gene pool" would be in far better condition without the miasma created by the species Semantic Napicker (more commonly called Bil Gilbert). Since his writing is as dull as his reasoning is specious, many people will just skim his article and come away feeling it's O.K. to keep garbaging up the environment. Admittedly, ecology will survive. When the planet spins through space empty, desolate of human and animal life, benefit of flowering plants, covered over with a thick film of beer cans, gum wrappers and industrial waste, there will still be ecology and the Semantic Napicker may be the sole surviving species, but I doubt it.

LEE LEHMAN

New York City

HEROES AND HEROINES

Sirs:

The picture of Jim Jameson at the Masters (*Pro Jack, Beats Himself*, April 17) was great, as most of your pictures are. Apparently many thousands of golf buffs were introduced to Jameson for the first time at

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

Augusta, as I was. It is always a thrill to watch the pros—in person or on TV—and most of us fans find ourselves identifying with some of these men. Jim is easy to identify with. Those of us who try hard at mastering this game don't have the fancy equipment to work with that the top pros have: clubs, bags, clothes or even the body, as it were. Watching a guy like Jameson with his mixed set of clubs, clothes that he insists he buys at shopping centers and a hunky or chubby build like me and a few others I know suggests that maybe we, too, can hit the ball a little straighter and farther. At least we'd like to think so.

The big thing about Jim is his outward display of emotion when he makes a good or bad shot (he made few of the latter). Such demonstrations seem to be taboo among many of the established pros. Your photo of big Jim captures much of his personality and character.

GEORGE B. MITCHELL

Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

I want to nominate as Picture of the Year the one of Palmer and Nicklaus (*Dancing Masters*) in your April 10 issue. I squealed with delight when I first saw it and got the same reaction from friends when I showed it to them. Congratulations to Photographer Ben Winnert for showing the lighter sides of our heroes.

ANNE TATUM

Altus AFB, Okla.

Sirs:

Your article on the Dinah Shore-Colgate Winners Circle golf tournament (*Bracing for a Rich Breakthrough*, April 24) was excellent. And congratulations to Colgate for backing the event. It is about time a big company caught on to a good thing. It is really a shame that more people do not go to see these girls play. There are a lot of good golf shots to be seen.

MRS. ROBERT BISCOTTI

Columbus, Ohio

THE SISTERS' RATINGS

Sirs:

How informative to learn that Tom Seaver is a 1951, Ferguson Jenkins a 1671, etc., according to the George Sisters' pitching efficiency rating system (*Masters of the Mound—and the Game*, April 30). If you are going to publish such ratings, the least you can do is to mention how they were derived. All we learn from William Leggett is that "A Sister rating is a number reflecting several ingredients, but the hallowed earned run average is not one of them . . . while factors such as strikeouts and denying batters walks receive heavy emphasis." All right, what are the other ingredients? Why were they chosen and how are the various com-

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10TH HOLE

ponents weighted? Why are they superior to the earned run average, the standard measure of pitching efficiency? Answers to these and other questions would have produced an interesting and informative article, not just a list of mystery numbers.

ALAN F. WILLIAMS

Concord, Mass.

● O.K., you asked for it. The Sisters' formula is designed to measure four pitching qualities: "durability, stuff, control and intellect." To determine a particular pitcher's durability and stuff, subtract the number of hits he has allowed for the season from double the number of innings pitched. As for control, subtract four-thirds of his walks (excluding intentional walks) from his total number of strikeouts. Add this total to the first, then subtract 25% of the earned runs he has allowed, as an index of what the Sisters call pitching intellect, and you get his total performance points. Finally, divide that total by the number of innings pitched for the pitcher's efficiency rating per inning. The decimal point is dropped from the final result. —ED.

WISHBONE DEFENSE

Sirs:

I noted with amusement that George Allen of the Redskins has been talking with Darrell Royal in order to formulate a defense for the Wishbone T ("Wishful Thinking," *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, April 17). I don't know if the Wishbone offense has a future in pro football, but it seems to me that if Allen is really interested in stopping it, the man he ought to consult is Joe Paterno. He had some pretty good ideas last New Year's Day, in the Cotton Bowl.

DAVID MALABRY

Packer, Pa.

THE WITTMAN SAGA

Sirs:

RE SCOTT ARON's April 17 reference to "Jonah" Mickey Wittman, those of us who have known and worked with The Water find it more than coincidental that teams he has been associated with have abandoned the sport and that franchises have been shifted. Mickey has a penchant for making things happen. As a point of reference, his former high school coaches, Charles Walsh (basketball), Chet Stopyra (baseball) and Ed (football), have also given up our games, although Wittman's alma mater, Nathaniel (N.Y.) High School is still holding on.

MIKE ACUNCI

Suffern, N.Y.

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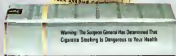
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